

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

THE COUNTESS CADOGAN.

179, New Bond Street.

THE FARM HORSE AT HOME.

BIG farm horses are almost the nicest animals in England; but as they belong to the "working classes" of animal society, people who are not farming see and admire them, but do not know them personally. Farm horses are, by force of circumstances, not exactly "in their set." This is rather a social loss, because anything big, handsome, good-tempered, and which will do what you want, has the making of great popularity. We noticed lately rather a nice instance of Dobbin's docility. He was 16-2 at the shoulder, and on his bare back was perched a small, round-faced boy, holding on to a halter. We enquired how the boy got there without a ladder. His method, it appeared, was as follows: He hauled at the halter until the big horse put his nose to the ground, and then got astride of his neck behind the ears. He then told the horse to "hold up," on which he raised his head, and the boy slid down his neck on to his back. He then reversed his position and rode the horse back to the stable.

It is pleasant to be able to say that on large farms—not always, we fear, on small ones—the horses have a good time, better than any others of their kind except the riding horse and hunter. Their life is less dull, for instance, than that of a smart carriage horse. Except occasionally at a pinch in harvest or haytime, they are never overworked; on the other hand, they are always employed, and so are not bored



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

BREATHING TIME.

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like so many domestic animals. Their hours are regular and early. In summer they rise with the "unpleasant lark" and breakfast earlier than the farm men. The carter, who feeds them, is always the first person stirring on the farm. Then they are harnessed, or in harvest and haytime put to the waggons, the men mount side-saddle wise, and the procession stamps out along the road to the fields, where the day's work has to begin. It is the rattle of their chains, the stamping and trampling, at six o'clock in the morning, that waken the Londoner staying in the country, and make him doubt whether a village road is really quieter than Oxford Street.

By the time we are breakfasting the farm horses are eating their luncheon—good oats, and plenty of it—and by eleven o'clock are hard at work and full of go. Look, for instance, at the three big Scotch horses enjoying a minute's BREATHING TIME after the long pull uphill at the end of a 250-yard furrow. They are as alert as possible, and trying to make out what kind of work the man with the camera and black cloth is going to do in their field. But they never overdo the pace. EASY ALL is called constantly when a long job has to be finished, like the sowing and harrowing of the big Kirkcudbrightshire field in the second illustration. This makes it easy to teach the young farm horse his business, TRAINING A YOUNG ONE being easily effected in a light job like that in the lowest scene, where the middle horse in the right-hand team is going to school between the two old hands before and behind him.

"Evening stables" is a pleasant sight—the horses, leaving the ploughs and harrows *in situ* on the field, come tramping back, and the harness is slipped off in a trice. Then each horse walks off to the horse-pond, has a good drink, and on some farms is ridden through the shallow part to wash the clotted mud off his fetlocks. Usually they walk back to the stable door alone, and the older horses step in and walk to their stalls. The younger ones wait to be led in. Then they have a rough grooming and a capital supper, often of cooked victuals—straw, bran, swedes, and grain, steamed and mixed. But in any case they get some 16lb. of good oats a day, though the greater part of this, being easily carried, usually forms their second breakfast, or luncheon in the fields. Turning out these good horses into a cold field, to pick up their supper there, is a mark of bad farming and ignorance. In the treatment of animals, ignorance always spells unkindness also. Hungry and ungroomed, the horses catch cold while feeding. Now they are well groomed on every



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

EASY ALL

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

TRAINING A YOUNG ONE

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good farm, and, if not put in the stall, are only turned out in a warm yard partly covered in. We believe that farm horses know when Sunday comes as well as Christians. They thoroughly enjoy their day's rest, and *then*, by all means, let them be taken

out of the stable and let loose in the meadow or yard. They will lie down and sleep in the sun, sometimes for two or three hours at a time, in the perfect enjoyment of physical repose.
C. J. CORNISH.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

FROM a weather point of view Easter was distinctly disappointing to the holiday makers. Thursday was promising, but with local storms. On Friday and Saturday the weather was about as bad as well could be—strong wind, heavy rain, and in some coast resorts a thick sea fog. Sunday and Monday were better, as they could easily be without being any too attractive, but by this time the damage was done. Many persons returned to London in disgust, and for the rest the gilt edge was taken off what, if fine, should be one of the pleasantest holidays of the year.

Easter is the great season of the Volunteer year. At this time so many can get away for useful training that a wet Easter means something more serious than discomfort and unpleasantness. This year all the arrangements were broken by the weather: drills were abandoned, and on Friday and Saturday, instead of having days of valuable instruction, most of the men were endeavouring to get their sodden uniforms dry and to obtain some degree of warmth and comfort in their, in many cases, miserable quarters. But in spite of all there was a spirit of "Mark Tapleyism" prevalent throughout the force which made light of discomfort and difficulty.

That toothsome delicacy, the plover's egg, is much scarcer than usual this spring. This is due to several causes, the most important being the diminution of the number of plovers owing to the ruthless spoliation to which their nests have been subjected for years past to fill the demands of the London market. This is really a serious matter for farmers, as the plover, owing to his fondness for wire-worm, is a most valuable auxiliary to the agriculturist. The county councils, too, are protecting wild birds much more effectively than heretofore, and this has had its effect; and although there are no special prohibitive regulations on the subject, in many parts of the country few, if any, plovers' eggs have been taken.

Owners of manors who like to enjoy sport in anticipation, and take stock of their ground in early spring, with the aid of a setter or pointer, say that partridges were never so numerous in the spring as they are in the present month. The absence of vegetation and the tameness of the paired birds makes it easy to find them. But the number of pairs exceeds even the hopes of those who predicted that last record season might be followed by another. Two causes have produced this result, both of them accidents of weather. The dry summer caused a phenomenal hatching season, and a very early one. These strong birds were then saved from the gun by the wet of September, until they were too wild to kill. Where driving is a regular practice the number shot was optional; but even there large stocks are left. At Holkham, where four days' shooting yielded 3,514 partridges, during the Duke of York's visit, from December 8th to 11th, even the sand-hills are swarming with them. Even on poor unpreserved ground in other counties there is a capital stock.

Advantage should be taken of this to raise the standard of partridge shooting, and consequently the value of shooting rentals in districts outside the "crack" counties. This may be done in two ways. During the next month, by farmers and owners coming to an understanding that the wholesale stealing of partridge eggs practised, with the connivance of labourers, on unpreserved land, shall be punished, and the protection of nests paid for. Secondly, where the ground allows, driving should take the place of walking birds, if the nesting season is a good one. The improvement to the stock, by killing off old birds, and the hit or miss which ensues from driving partridges, would probably double the head of partridges on these properties.

The weather was on its best behaviour when the Kennel Club's annual field trials were commenced on Tuesday and Wednesday in last week on the estate of Captain Preyman on the banks of the Orwell, this being the sixth time in succession that the club in question has been indebted to Captain Preyman for the use of his grounds for the purpose. The headquarters were, as usual, at the Great White Horse Hotel at Ipswich, whither those who were interested in the stakes to be run on the morrow congregated on Monday evening to make their entries for the Brace and All-Aged Stakes, and to decide the draw for these and the Derby or Puppy Stakes, which had previously closed. In the last-named competition, which is the most important of the meeting, and, indeed, of the year, there were twenty-

five acceptances out of the eighty or more entries that had been made at the commencement of the year, and there were fourteen all-aged dogs and three braces. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the conditions of the first day. The weather was beautifully fine. There was abundance of game and plenty of cover, in addition to which scent was particularly good, and altogether the puppies, the trials of which were first run through, gave a very good account of themselves, which led to the conclusion that they were the best collection of young pointers and setters that had ever been seen at a field trial meeting.

Amongst those who were present and running dogs were Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. W. Arkwright, Mons. F. de la Kethulle, of Ghent, Major Moreton Thomas, Mr. F. C. Lowe, Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn, Mr. B. T. Warwick, Mr. Elias Bishop, Mr. C. Austin, and Surgeon-Captain O'Callaghan, the judges being Dr. J. H. Salter and Mr. S. Smale, the former of whom is one of the earliest supporters of field trials, which were instituted some thirty years ago, a good company being made up of the usual *habitués* of such meetings and local visitors. As already stated, the work done by the young dogs was of a most satisfactory nature, there being about an equal number of pointers and setters, the latter consisting of English and Irish, not one Gordon being present. The chief honours of the day rested with Mr. C. Austin's Irish setter, Sam Sullivan, who was declared the winner of the Derby after a prolonged trial with Mr. Llewellyn's English setter, Kitty Wind'em; in fact, there were some who preferred the latter, as being the wider ranger and more stylish performer, the third prize being given to Mr. Elias Bishop's liver and white pointer, Prince Pedro, who is sired by the celebrated field trial winner, Senor don Pedro, and was recently placed second in the Puppy Stakes at the trials in Normandy.

On Wednesday there was quite a change in the weather, a cloudy morning being followed by heavy rain in the place of the brilliant sunshine which had prevailed on the opening day, consequently birds, which had evidently run to the hedges for shelter, were difficult to find, and scent suffering from the same cause, the trials were not so satisfactory. Still, some excellent work was done by Mr. Warwick's brace of pointers, Dolly of Budhill and Devonshire Saddleback, who made a fine exhibition of pointing and backing, and were easy winners of the Brace Stakes, from Major Moreton Thomas' pointers, True Bill and Broxwood Moses, and Mr. Patrick Flahive's Irish setters, Baron Lee and Mr. Johnson. Dolly of Budhill, it may be remarked, was the winner of the All-Aged Stakes here last year; she, however, subsequently could only get fourth on this occasion, the winner in the All-Aged Stakes being Mons. Morren's Bendigo of Brüssels, a handsome lemon and white pointer, who was first in the Derby last year, when a puppy, and has since succeeded in winning first in several stakes, including those for aged dogs at the recent Normandy trials. He, however, had a strong opponent in Mr. F. C. Lowe's equally celebrated English setter, Mabel of Kippen, and it was only after a very severe test in the final heat that the judges decided in favour of the pointer who was sent from Belgium, third honours being given to Mr. Hubert M. Wilson's Bonny Pat of Cold Hill, an Irish setter, who performed with considerable credit to himself in the Derby last year, and also at the Irish Setter Club trials.

The number of race-meetings of different sorts which were taking place simultaneously all over the United Kingdom on Monday last, was something extraordinary; and as the weather was, fortunately, propitious, the multitude of Her Majesty's subjects who went racing on that day must have been almost incalculable. If any lesson were required to teach the anti-gambling humbugs the hopelessness of their crusade against the national sport, this surely supplied it. At Kempton Park the crowd was a really wonderful sight, and a great many people who do not often attend race-meetings went to see the struggle between Clorane and Bridegroom for the Queen's Prize. This event had always looked almost a certainty for Bridegroom since his Lincoln Handicap running, though, when it was known that the mighty Clorane would go to the post and try to give him 3st. 7lb., it was obvious that there would be a great fight between the two. Bridegroom's appearance in the paddock showed that he had done plenty of good work since his Lincoln defeat, and he started a good favourite at evens, whilst Clorane, too, looked well, and, although he was essaying an almost hopeless task, he had plenty of supporters at 11 to 4.

The flag fell at the first attempt, and the favourite was always in a good place from the start. Soon after rounding the bend for home he went to the front, but he was evidently a big handful for Robinson, and for a moment or two Clorane, who was running well under his welter burden, raised the hopes of his backers. It was not to be, however—weight will tell—and when Robinson got his horse straightened inside the distance, he drew away, and won easily by five lengths. Jaquemart was

third, a length and a-half behind Clorane, and that arch impostor, Regret, fourth. There is no doubt that Clorane ran a great horse, in fact it is more than likely that it will later on be proved to have been his greatest performance, whilst Bridegroom's victory will make him a terribly hot favourite for the Jubilee Stakes, but Regret, who must have cost backers a tremendous lot of money by this time, is hardly likely to be ever trusted again.

Whilst one of the first important handicaps of the year on the flat was being decided at Kempton Park, the last big steeple-chase of the season was being run for at Manchester. It was pointed out by "Ubique" in these columns last week that Prince Albert was nearly sure to beat everything that ran in this year's Grand National, and also that Knight of Rhodes was sure to run well even under such a burden as 12st. 4lb., and these anticipations were borne out to the letter when Mr. Atkinson's champion chaser beat the Weyhill representative by a head, with nothing else within two lengths of the pair. Why Manifesto was made favourite puzzled me, as he could not possibly have a winning chance with his weight, and he was a beaten horse when he fell three fences from home. Knight of Rhodes, who had always been near the front, then looked like winning easily, when Prince Albert appeared upon the scene, and, after fighting out a great finish, was only beaten by a head. This horse was not really fit at Liverpool, and was yet second best as they jumped the last fence there, and it is difficult to understand why he was allowed to start at the long odds of 20 to 1 on the present occasion.

One of the most remarkable features of this season's two year old racing up to now has been the fact that most of the best of that age are by young sires. Gay Lothair and Guisla are both by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's handsome young Petrarch horse, Lactantius, and although they have both suffered defeat since their Lincoln and Northampton victories, the latter reasserted herself last week by winning the Hassocks Plate at Brighton, and the Brocklesby Stakes winner will probably do the same ere long. On the same day that the two year old Guisla was re-establishing her reputation on the South Coast, her three year old stable companion, Jaquemart, who has since run third to Bridegroom and Clorane for the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, was busy winning the Spring Handicap at Nottingham. This colt is also by a young sire, namely, Martagon, who, being by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily, is full brother in blood to "Ormonde," who is by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes, own sister to Tiger Lily, by Macaroni out of Polly Agnes, by The Cure, her dam, Miss Agnes, by Birdcatcher.

At the same time, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt, who was always running in good company, showed himself a bit more than useful last year, whilst there was decided merit in his last week's defeat of False Step, seeing that Mr. Dobell's five year old son of Carlton had won the Duchess of York's Handicap at Liverpool, in which he beat Brayhead, also a winner last week. It may be that False Step was unlucky not to win, as he was interfered with inside the distance, and the winner was objected to in consequence, but the offender was Anklebiter, not Jaquemart, so the objection was overruled, and perhaps the son of Martagon would have got home anyhow. Mr. R. Sherwood's highly-tried two year old, a chestnut colt called The Khedive, is also by an unknown sire, Gervas, by Trappist out of Dead Lock (Isinglass's dam). His dam, The Old Lady, is by Thuringian Prince out of Hope by Y. Birdcatcher, her dam, Faith, by Mildew. As Mystic Maiden, who had finished behind him in a gallop at home, had since run second at Derby, he started a hot favourite at 5 to 4 on, odds which were fully justified when he cantered home in front of the Northampton winner, Beverini, and Mr. Taylor Sharpe's good-looking Shaftesbury. There is no doubt that this must be a useful colt, and it is not surprising that a large sum was offered and refused for him directly after his victory.

On the second day of Nottingham, The Dowager, a five year old sister to The Khedive, won the Bestwood Park Plate, and there is no doubt that their sire, Gervas, will command a higher fee next season than the humble fourteen guineas at which he is now advertised. It should also be remembered that his sire, Trappist, who was bred by the late Captain Prime at Walberton House, near Arundel, in Sussex, was out of the very stoutly-bred Bunch, by Muscovite. As a foal he was sent up to Tattersall's to be sold together with the rest of Captain Prime's blood stock. His dam was knocked down for thirty-five guineas, or thereabouts, and has never subsequently been heard of, although her late owner made strenuous efforts in every direction to trace her after Trappist had shown himself such a flier. As for the latter, as no one would bid ten guineas for him, he was taken back to Walberton, much to his owner's disgust, though that gentleman had good cause to congratulate himself later on when the despised youngster, having gone to Bedford Cottage, Newmarket, to be trained, was soon found out to be something very smart indeed.

The next event of the afternoon, the Robin Hood Stakes, for two year olds, went to a good-looking *débutant*, M.D. by May Duke, who was a useful performer when in training, and now looks like making his mark at the stud. Sir James Miller's two winners, the Scare filly, and Angelot, who took the Doddington Selling Plate, and the Trent Selling Plate, respectively, are both by sires who have yet to make their names, the former being by Sainfoin, and the latter by St. Angelo. A very promising young horse is Mr. Waring's Buccaneer, a medium-sized, well-balanced sort, all quality and action, with no lumber, and a good performer over all distances as a racehorse. This is just the stamp to make a great sire, and as he has started the season with the Leicester winner Betrayed, and Buckbread, who last week beat six others for the Shoreham Plate at Brighton, it is probable that his yearlings will fetch big prices when they come to the hammer at Ascot the month after next.

The news of Mr. Hugh Dalziel's death but four days after that of his wife was not unexpected by those who had seen the great canine authority within the last few months. He had long since laid down his busy pen and gone into semi-retirement at Woking, but the end came at Herne Bay, whither he had gone for a change of air. No man has done more for the dog than the deceased Scot, for, like many other writers on canine matters, he was a northerner, and the work of his life, "British Dogs," will ever remain a standard book. Although of late years he had not acted as judge, it seems but yesterday since his services were in great request in all parts of the kingdom. There are few Kennel Club shows at which he has not officiated, and he was also one of the few Britons who had been invited to make the awards at America's representative dog show. He can ill be spared, for men of the stamp of the late Hugh Dalziel are few and far between.

Although the trials of the English Setter Club were brought off on the Aqualate Estate of Sir T. F. Boughey, Bart., in Shropshire, sport on the second day, as was the case at Ipswich the previous week, was marred by very bad weather. Rain, hail, snow, and wind made matters particularly unpleasant, but the committee struggled through with the programme, which, very fortunately, was not a long one. The Puppy Stakes occupied the whole of the first day, Mr. J. F. H. Harter's Cranfield Rosa, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Barton Punch, and Mr. Elias Bishop's Prince Pedro, proving the respective winners, the two latter improving on their displays at Ipswich a week previously. The Manchester baronet's Irish setter also secured the Breeders' Cup; the Champion prize of £10 falling to Mr. Elias Bishop's Prince Pedro. In the All-Aged Stakes Major Moreton Thomas was to the fore with True Bill; whilst Mr. James Bishop's fine setters, Duke of Salop and Duchess of Salop, beat the local pair, Barton and Woolton Druid, in the brace competition. Apart from the wretched weather on the concluding day the meeting was a great success.

The journals of the medical profession cannot usually be recommended to the layman as light and interesting reading. If they do not make the flesh creep by the announcement of the discovery of some new and deadly microbe, destined within a short time to decimate the whole human race, they are inveighing—on hygienic grounds—against everything that makes life pleasant. The harmless, necessary bicycle was recently ruthlessly condemned, and a brand new disease with a fearful and wild-sounding name threatened to riders. Cigarette smoking was found to be only one degree less dangerous than arsenic eating, and all our pleasures and little vices were found to contain the seeds of danger, and possibly of a premature and painful death.

But there is another side to the shield. Occasionally it happens that a great discovery is made, and certain habits which most people look upon as vicious are revealed by the observation of the trained scientist to be nothing of the sort. For instance, a recent issue of a medical contemporary has announced that an inordinate affection for the pleasures of the table, which has usually been attributed to unmitigated greediness, is nothing of the sort, but is due to lesions of one part of the brain. Uncharitable people, who are apt to judge their neighbours harshly, should bear this in mind. The immediate effect of these lesions, we learn a few lines further on, is to cause "a determined loss of memory, in consequence whereof the brain fails to register the amount of food already taken, and leaves its possessor with a sensation of gastric vacuity." Apart from the great interest which must attach to a discovery of this kind, such a scientific triumph deserves recording, if only to present the altogether delightful phrase, "a sensation of gastric vacuity," to the admiration of a larger public than the pages of a strictly professional journal are likely to afford.

It is announced that Mr. Long has at length made up his mind to enforce universal muzzling of dogs, and quarantine for all new arrivals. If muzzling is necessary this is as it should be. Dog owners will understand such an order, and although it will

cause much inconvenience, will, no doubt, endeavour loyally to carry it out. But Mr. Long should go further and try if the united ingenuity of the officials of the Board of Agriculture cannot devise something better than the "bird-cage" abomination which is obligatory at present wherever the order is in force. Torturing poor dogs with this cruel contrivance will not in any way diminish rabies.

The Covered Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships, concluded on Monday, 12th April, were in every way a success. On the previous Saturday both galleries were thronged, while there were a great many spectators on either side of the west court, where the three events down for decision on that day were contested, vigorously and impartially applauding all good strokes and rallies. It was a pity that the Ladies' Championship, in which Miss Austin only just managed to retain the title, did not immediately follow the final of the All Comers, as owing to the very protracted game which Misses Austin and Dyas had, it was found necessary to postpone the finish of the final of the Gentlemen's Doubles, after H. A. Nisbet and G. Greville had won 2 sets to 1 against the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty. W. V. Eaves was in grand form, and somewhat easily disposed of the All England Champion, H. S. Mahony, by 3 sets to 0, viz.: 6-3, 6-3, and 6-0, thereby qualifying to meet the holder, E. W. Lewis, on Monday. Eaves came right through without losing a set; although, in each of his matches, his opponents ran him to games all.

Then came the Ladies' Championship, in which Miss Dyas (the challenger), who had defeated Mrs. Horncastle and Miss E. Wigram without the loss of a set, met Miss Austin (the holder), and I should think the game must have been a record one for ladies on a covered court. The three sets occupied over two hours, and when at last Miss Austin won the third at 12-10, no less than fifty games had been played. This delayed the Gentlemen's Doubles, so that it was evident that the match could not be finished owing to the failing light. This proved to be the case, but on the game being continued Nisbet and Greville maintained their advantage, and won by 3 sets to 1, thereby qualifying for the Championship round on Monday.

There was another good attendance on that day, when, as was generally expected, W. V. Eaves, playing brilliantly, defeated the holder, E. W. Lewis—who, suffering from a strained arm, did not appear to do himself justice—by 3 sets to 0 (the last an advantage one). He thus becomes Covered Court Champion for the first time. His performance was notable in that he played without losing a set right through. He was not, however, destined to retain as well supremacy in the Doubles with C. H. Martin, for Nisbet and Greville just managed to secure the fifth set at 7-5 after one of the best doubles of the meeting, by which they won the title of Covered Court Doubles Champions, also for the first time. Doubles are becoming more and more of a hard-hitting contest; and rallies are therefore not generally of long duration, although in the Championship round there were several—and more especially one when all four men were at the net—which lasted quite a long time amid great excitement.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement." The ephemeral notoriety gained by what is known as the Music Hall Crusade which brought Mrs. Ormiston Chant prominently before the public has passed away. The familiar shout of the catch-penny merchant in the London street, "'Ere y'ar, Mrs. Ormiston Chant for a penny, a penny for Mrs. Ormiston Chant," as he pushed an effigy of that obtrusive lady in collapsible india-rubber into notice, is no longer heard in the land. Furnished with a "squeaker" attachment, these effigies made almost as much literal noise, and almost as harsh and unpleasant at that, as the metaphorical disturbance their prototype at one time caused in the newspapers. But all this is over, and as something else has to be devised to keep such a name before the public, Mrs. Chant has gone to Greece to offer her services to the Government as a nurse "in the event of war." "Neatly attired in a grey uniform with scarlet facings" (to quote from a newspaper report), she kissed her friends effusively, and started from Charing Cross, accompanied by several ladies of opinions similar to her own. The most reliable authorities are of opinion that in the event of Mrs. Chant being unable to return to this country before the 22nd of June the Jubilee rejoicings will not be postponed in consequence of her absence.

Although yachting does not commence in real earnest for another fortnight, several of the "smaller fry" have opened their season during the past few days, but in many cases "a life on the ocean wave" has been no sinecure, for the weather has made it anything but fair weather sailing. Most of the metropolitan up-river clubs have got into full swing, and the various reaches presented an animated scene on Easter Monday, for no fewer than eight clubs had matches for decision. They were fortunate

in securing more favourable weather than those who competed on Saturday. Rivalry is as keen in the Antipodes amongst yacht owners as at home, and from advices lately to hand from Melbourne, Lord Brassey's new boat, *Helen*, designed by McKenzie, has for the first time succeeded in defeating the South Australian crack *Alexa* by 1 min. 4 sec., exclusive of time allowance. The latter, by the way, is Fife-designed. The victory must have been very gratifying to Her Majesty's Jeputy, inasmuch as the *Alexa* arrived from South Australia last season with an unbroken record.

At last something definite is known with regard to the report circulated to the effect that *Britannia* had changed hands. I hear on very good authority that there is no likelihood of H.R.H. parting with her. There is a possibility that the American yacht, *Defender*, will be seen pitted against the Prince's craft in British waters this season. The race for the German Emperor's Jubilee Cup from Dover to Heligoland will probably be started on June 24th instead of June 23rd, but the question

will be decided at a meeting of the committee (of which the Marquis of Ormonde is chairman) at Grosvenor House, on the 4th prox. In addition to the big trophy, Mr. H. Gordon Hodgkinson, who owns the *Wave Queen*, has offered a supplementary cup for yachts between 15 and 39 tons, over the same course. The race will start from Dover the day previous to the other match.

According to present arrangements, *Britannia*, *Meteor*, *Ailsa*, and Mr. C. D. Rose's new cutter will compete for the 100-guinea gold cup at Eastbourne Regatta on June 1st and 2nd. The work on Mr. Rose's big yacht at Fay and Co.'s, at Northam, is being pushed forward very rapidly, and framing is already finished. The German Emperor's yacht is being painted and fitted out at Southampton ready for the Thames matches. From the same port the yawl *Leda*, which has been purchased by Mr. A. S. Bell, the president of the Cambridge University Boat Club, is being put into commission, and leaves for King's Lynn at the end of the month.

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATIONS.

COUNTRESS CADOGAN, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is one of the leaders of London Society. Daughter of the second Earl of Craven, she married Earl Cadogan thirty years ago. Their son, Viscount Chelsea, is married to a daughter of Lord Alington. One of their daughters is Lady Lurgan. Another is the wife of Sir Samuel Scott. Chelsea House, Cadogan Place, is one of the finest mansions in London. The white marble staircase is further enhanced in effect by white marble walls. The bill-room, drawing-rooms, and music-room are decorated in a scheme of pale cream colour and gold, which never looks better than at the grand balls, at least one of which is given every season, and at which the Prince and Princess of Wales are usually present. Earl and Countess Cadogan enjoy the friendship of Royalty in a marked degree. It is very many years since there has been such a brilliant season at Dublin Castle as the one just concluded under the Lord Lieutenancy of the Earl, who has held that onerous appointment since 1895. The first Dublin season under his rule, however, was marred and saddened by the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the consequent Court mourning.

MRS. ALFRED HOWARD, whose portrait appears on page 435, is the daughter of the Rev. Henry B. Hare, of Great Elm, near Frome, Somerset. She married the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Howard, M.P. for Tottenham, in 1890, and has two sons, of whom the elder appears with his mother in our illustration.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE Prince of Wales was looking remarkably well during his short stay in town after returning from the Riviera and before going down to Sandringham. He was a good deal sun-burned, and wore an air of sprightly cheerfulness, which gave evidence that the trip to the South of France had been beneficial to his health.

Court mourning for the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin ends on Saturday next. The Grand Duchess's appearance is well known to Sandringham players. She was always to be seen at the play on every disengaged evening during her visits to London, and on one occasion, never to be forgotten by those who were present, accompanied the Prince of Wales to a first-night performance at the Opera Comique.

Ladies! Your prettiest frocks and daintiest hats, please. Sandown Spring Meeting begins on Thursday of this week. Friday and Saturday will be the smart days. The pretty Club House will be wearing its beautiful spring garb of red-brown rose foliage, and it is more than possible that Mr. Hwfa Williams and Sir Wilford Brett have some fresh surprises in store for us. There is generally something new to be looked at and talked about at the first fashionable crush of the season at Sunny Sandown.

Primrose Day fell on Easter Monday this year. The bonny little flower was plentiful indeed, the season being a particularly early one. Many of the Volunteers who made last Monday bright with uniforms and glint of steel had added a little bunch of the great statesman's favourite flower to their regulation decorations.

The Royal Academy Private View takes place on Friday of next week; the New Gallery function on Saturday next. The catalogue of the latter exhibition is to display a new departure, containing a poem written on one of the pictures by Rudyard Kipling. The subject is a Vampire, depicted in the form of a young and beautiful woman, by Mr. Philip Burne-Jones.

To add to the general exodus from town, which becomes more general every year, most of the dogs have left London with their owners this Easter, in order that they may escape for even a short time from the tyranny of a peculiarly exasperating and dangerous form of muzzle. Even those persons who are by no means averse to muzzling in itself, knowing that it restrains their canine pets from fighting and from the consumption of garbage, must perforce take exception to the regulation muzzle, which, in sudden collision against lamp-posts or any other hard object, is apt to inflict serious injury upon the dog. Those who

preserve an even mind are in favour of universal muzzling for a period of three or four months, until rabies shall completely have disappeared, but not by means of dangerous wire cages. The present measures are singularly silly and ineffective, and the wire muzzle of the official sort is more apt to set up a condition favourable to rabies than to have any success in eradicating this disease, especially when the order is only partially enforced, as is the case at present.

The subject of eggs is a very general topic at this season of the year, for the old-fashioned custom of giving Easter eggs has not entirely died out amongst us. True, it is more observed by children than by the older members of the community, and the original custom of the exchange of eggs, which were looked upon as emblems of the Resurrection, has degenerated into a garden egg-hunt. This game, which affords young people infinite amusement, is looked on with favour by their elders, as the colouring and hiding of the eggs provides some much-needed occupation for the holiday time. The modern chocolate egg filled with creams has, however, almost supplanted the product of the hen in all Easter festivities.

In these latter days a valuable substitute has even been found for the fabled goose which laid golden eggs in that *rara avis*, a great auk. One of this bird's eggs was put up to auction in London last week, and after a spirited competition was knocked down to the highest bidder for the sum of 280 guineas. The precious egg was enshrined in a velvet nest enclosed in a jewel-case, and from the care and interest bestowed upon it might have been a costly gem instead of an article much coveted by zoologists, and valuable only on account of its rarity. Some years ago these eggs could be bought for a few shillings; but now, if the market value continues to increase at the present rate, those who possess a few of these rare specimens will have reason to consider themselves most fortunate.

The very unsettled weather last week induced many people to spend Easter in the large seaside towns, and Brighton, which has been so aptly designated "London-by-the-Sea," had its full share of visitors. One advantage of this town is that it has more sunshine than most places, added to which the variety of amusements provided is so great that even in bad weather it is possible to pass the time very pleasantly. The best London theatrical companies can be seen there, and excellent concerts are given. The sacred concerts which took place on the West Pier were largely attended. Perhaps some idea as to the number of people who were in Brighton for Easter may be gathered from the fact that over eleven thousand people paid to go on the pier on one single day. The Metropole is, however, one of the pleasantest places for meeting friends, as even those who are not staying in the hotel are sure to find their way there either for dinner or for some of the dances, concerts, or other evening amusements. At the end of the week the Metropole promises to be even fuller than at Easter, and amongst those expected are Lady Trevor, Lady B. Cecil, Sir George Wombwell, Viscount Oxenbridge, and Lord Arthur Hill. As the weather becomes more settled, Brighton will prove even more attractive, for as headquarters to bicyclists it is to be strongly recommended, and some of the most lovely Surrey scenery is within an easy day's ride.

Holiday seasons are never considered the pleasantest times for travelling, but this Easter has proved more than inconvenient to many people owing to the number of thieves who now frequent the London terminuses. When passengers are busily engaged watching their luggage being taken out of the vans is the time almost invariably chosen for these robberies, and this being the case it seems wonderful that arrangements are not made for a sufficient number of detectives to mix with the crowd and watch their movements and so secure some of the chief ringleaders. A lady who lost her purse at Victoria last week describes how she and her little boy and girl were jostled by a well-dressed man as they stood waiting for their luggage, and while she was looking after her children a small bag she held in her hand was wrenched open and all her money taken, but unfortunately before she realised her loss the man was gone.

"Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Lyceum, is an undoubted success, and Mr. Comyns Carr is to be congratulated on the admirable way in which he has adapted M. Sardou's play. Miss Ellen Terry's interpretation of Madame Sans-Gêne is brilliant. She has not perhaps as much vivacity as Mlle. Réjane, but she is more lovable, and gives the impression of greater depth of character than the French actress. In Sir Henry Irving's Napoleon the chief thing to be noticed is the make up, for, by a judicious padding of the shoulders and hips, this actor has reduced his stature to that of quite a short man. Mr. Mackintosh's Fouché deserves the highest praise, for it is a very fine impersonation of this French minister of police. The charm of this actor's voice is felt throughout, and every word he speaks is heard with the most perfect ease. All the minor characters in the play are well sustained, while the scenery, furniture, and dresses are absolutely superb, and exceed in magnificence what was seen on the Paris stage at the time of the original production.

At the quaint old ceremony of distributing the Royal Maundy at Westminster this year a new anthem, specially composed by Dr. Bridge for this occasion, was performed, and the wording of the service was somewhat altered, for the old prayer "for the Queen's Majesty," asking for a long and prosperous reign, was converted into a thanksgiving that such "had been graciously vouchsafed to Her Majesty."

THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES.

THAT such an institution as the E.C.H., or Eton College Hunt, is in existence is tolerably well known, at any rate among the hunting members of the community; but except old or present Etonians few, probably, are acquainted

Road at the teeth of a bob-tailed sheepdog belonging to a farmer at Dorney. Subsequently a second fox was provided, but he did not take to the business in the same genial way that the first three-legged Reynard had done.



Photo. by Hills and Saunders.

A MEET AT UPTON.

Eton.

with the system on which it is conducted. Years ago, at the beginning of the century, a good deal of sport of a kind was afforded to Eton boys by a "scratch" pack, with which they were accustomed to run a drag, the hounds being followed by the majority of the boys, who joined in the sport on foot, a few, in the very early times, being mounted on horses—weedy screws, for the most part—hired in Windsor. The sport was carried on under difficulties, and being contrary to regulations, which alike forbade riding or keeping dogs, was interrupted from time to time by the school authorities. At one time the members of the hunt, grown bold by their immunity from interference, determined to adopt a distinctive button, and had a die struck with a monogram of the letters E.C.H.—Eton College Hunt.

And in connection with this die, and these buttons which the members of the hunt wore, a story is told of the then head-master, whose name, it may be mentioned, was Dr. Edward Craven Hawtrey, that meeting a boy one day in the school-yard, whose buttons bore the monogram, he pointed to one of them, and asked what the letters inscribed on it were. But when, with no little embarrassment, the boy blurted out that the mystic letters were the doctor's own initials, the wearer was given to understand that their use must be discontinued, as though Dr. Hawtrey did not desire to hear anything about the boys' hunting—was, in fact, ready to wink at the practice—he was, at the same time, indisposed to countenance it so far as to allow the boys who joined in the pursuit to wear buttons bearing his initials.

In those less civilised days the beagles were sometimes made to hunt a fox, who was the better suited for the purpose in that he had only three of his legs available, one of them having been so injured in a trap as to be useless. This prevented him from running too fast. He afforded sport for a considerable time, and was on very good terms with the pack, with whom he was kept at the kennels. In the end he met his fate on the Eton Wick

Bagged hares were not unknown about that time, too.

Beagling began to be more recognised in Dr. Goodford's time, though even then it was, under the quaint existing state of affairs, not allowed. But if masters riding or walking out in the country chanced to meet the beagles, they turned their steps in another direction, and pretended not to see or know anything about it. There were two packs for a few years, just about the end of the "fifties." At that time Collegers were not admitted to any of the games and pastimes of the Oppidans, except the school cricket, and they had to be extraordinarily good to make their way in even that. The boats, beagling, and the field game of football they were barred from almost completely. Naturally the way out of this exclusion, as regards beagling, was for the Collegers to start a separate pack, which they did, the hounds being kept at what was then Ward's cottage, at the corner of the playing fields by the Datchet—or, as it used to be called in the old days, Cutthroat Lane.

These dual packs lasted for a few seasons, but about thirty-five years ago the Eton beagles were regularly instituted, and since that time sport has been carried on without interruption on the part of the authorities, and the runs are now recorded in the *Eton College Chronicle*. Briefly, the arrangement is as follows: The beagles are kept at Eton, in the High Street. Formerly, they used to be walked by the kennel huntsman to the meet, mostly in couples, but a recent innovation is the provision of a hound van to convey them, and in this way they are likewise brought back at the end of the day. They hunt three days a week, viz.: on half-holidays, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and occasional bye-days or whole holidays. The boys start immediately from Eton after three o'clock absence—as the roll-call is termed—to which they are allowed to come in their running costume, called in the school vernacular "in full change," instead of the orthodox school dress.

After absence, they have the whole afternoon for beagling, but have to be back in their respective houses by "lock up," a varying time, growing later as the days lengthen out from January to the end of March. One of the boys holds the position of master, and is supported by three whips. All four now wear a distinctive costume of brown velveteen coats and caps, as will be seen from our illustration. This is another recent innovation, which possibly has its advantages. These officials have the privilege of being excused from the three o'clock absence, referred to previously, while considerable latitude is granted to them in the matter of return to College, long runs to Colnbrook or Maidenhead



THE HOUND VAN.



Photo. by Hills and Saunders,

THE PACK.

Eton.

frequently delaying them as much as an hour or more after "lock up." The master is generally master only for the one term—the Easter half. He nominates his successor, who is generally—always, in fact, unless all four leave before the following season—one of his whips. The field on the average numbers from 70 to 80. The kennel huntsman, Lock, is paid to look after and provide for the beagles, of which there are about 16 couples.

Hares on the neighbouring farms are plentiful, and an excellent feeling exists between the boys and the farmers (who take a real and keen interest in the sport), in place of the traditionary feuds that were waged in earlier days. This is, of course, brought about by the recognition of beagling by the school authorities, for the field is naturally better under control, and no unnecessary damage is allowed to be done. Among the members of the E.C.H. there are two kinds of beaglers. There is, for one, the "enthusiast," an individual whose energy is

worthy of the highest admiration, and there is the "idler." The "enthusiast" runs all the way to the meet, plods across heavy ploughs, and makes it his prime object to keep the hounds in view, or at the worst, to be only a field or so behind them. With this object, he splashes through the mud, and may be seen in the ardour of excitement wading through deep, stagnant streams which consist of one part water to three parts slime. But the "idler," who takes life easily, and whose happiness for the afternoon would be spoilt by a single mud splash on his breeches, walks to the meet, and arrives there cool and clean.

The field spread out to draw a plough. A hare gets up, and hounds go away in full cry, but our lazy friend stands still with his hands in his pockets gazing complacently on the "enthusiastic" sportsman gradually vanishing out of sight. He does not exert himself. For his own part he is fully confident that the hare will return in course of time to her form in the field from whence she started.

Perhaps he may be right—he probably is; in which case, after contemplating the scenery for a short while, his attention is directed to "puss," the hunted one, as she comes round the corner of the field in which he stands. Presently up come the hounds, followed by the master and whips, and close behind the panting, steaming field, in the forefront of which struggles our "enthusiastic" friend. Now there is a check; and the moment of triumph arrives for the "idler." Walking up to the master, he proudly points out the way the hare came and the way she has gone. But how shortlived are our triumphs! The hounds are off, the field is gone, and the "idler" is left again in the solitude and stillness of the scene.

A kill with the E.C.H., though much the same as a kill with any other beagles, is yet a scene which would cause no little amusement to a casual observer, but in which ardent Eton sportsmen take a real and serious interest. As soon as "puss" is pulled down, the triumphant master whips out a long and glittering knife, with which he proceeds to cut off the head and pads. This done, the remnant is thrown to the hounds, which, amid the

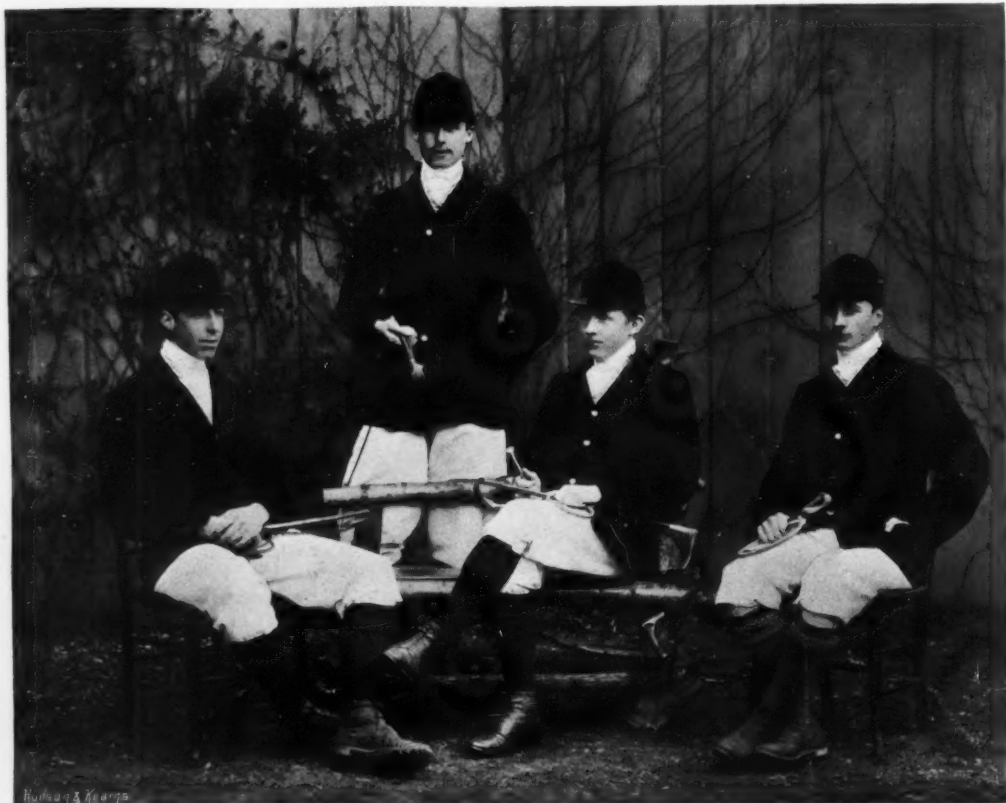


Photo. by Hills and Saunders,

THE MASTER AND WHIPS.

Eton.

shrill blasts of the horn, fall to and rend the spoil. An old hound of the pack, by name Varlet, has generally distinguished himself during the season just past by securing for himself the lion's share.

Seasons, harvests, crops, vary with the year, as indeed do many other things, including the Eton beagles. For example, last spring, an exceptionally bad season, there were only two kills, while this season (1897) hounds have killed no less than fourteen hares; a remarkably good performance, the record number in one season being seventeen. The startling difference between the results of these two seasons may be chiefly accounted for by the fact that the weather this spring has been wet, and the ground very sodden, so that while scent has been good, hares have found some difficulty in getting away. It may also be added that this year the beagles have been fortunate in their master, Robarts, a competent huntsman, who has had three good whips in Legard, Pawson, and Lubbock.

In spite, however, of the large number of kills this season, sport has not been as good as it used to be, the general opinion being that there has been too much "lifting." Moreover hounds are too big, for whereas the ideal height for a beagle is about 14in. to 15in., the Eton hounds average 18in. Increasing the size of the hounds is a mistake that many masters of the E.C.H. have latterly made. They get more kills, no doubt, with the larger hounds, but they don't show half the sport. The smaller the hounds the less chance they have of a view, and so they are steadier and stick more closely to the scent. This has the great advantage of enabling the field to keep up and see the busy little beagles working the line out as they go. However, it must be remembered that every year hounds have a new master, and that the master has no small difficulties to grapple with on assuming his post. To begin with, each master who is not of an age to know much about hare hunting, unless he comes of a hunting stock and has studied it from his very earliest days, has very often his own ideas and fancies. Moreover, he does not know the hounds at all unless he has been previously a whip. During the summer months boys are allowed to walk the beagles at home, and in many cases they are used for rabbit hunting and other purposes. Under the circumstances it is scarcely surprising that at the commencement of the season the master has difficulty in controlling his hounds. That, coming in from this sort of life the pack is as soon got under control as it is, speaks eloquently for the capability of the kennel huntsman, Lock, himself a good long distance runner, who has filled his post for the last 20 years. He is a true lover of sport, and with the experience of years, thoroughly understands his business. The Eton beagles are, of course, not an ideal pack, but they nevertheless show capital sport, and afford an excellent opportunity for taking doses of that most invigorating tonic for growing boys—running exercise.



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

THE MEET.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

THE FIND.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

FULL CRY.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE INNS OF COURT OPEN RACE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

A CURIOUS feature of the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held a fortnight or so back, was the misapplication of the term "catch-weights" to the conditions of the races. With "catch-weights" there is no weighing at all, either before or after a race. Hence "catch-weights over 12st. 7lb." is a contradiction in terms, and "winners extra" still further increases the muddle. Whoever drafted the conditions might master the definitions of racing terms in his spare time before the Bar Point-to-Point comes round again.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

THE first time on which a nest full of young birds find themselves free of the nursery and out in the world, is an intensely anxious moment for the old birds. Their fears and agitation are very genuine, and the more evident from the composure and indifference of the nestlings, who, knowing nothing, fear nothing.

It is not often that this particular event in bird-life is seen, much less depicted by an artist, and it has never been shown more vividly than in the sun-portrait of these young blue tits, sitting on the bonnie briar bush, and wondering what it all means. The Royal Academy have a rule that no picture which is a "direct transcript of Nature" shall be admitted to the exhibition. They would accept one of Bai Reis' Japanese bird-portraits, but supposing it possible to produce such a living picture as that of these little birds by hand, it would not be eligible. But it is very doubtful whether the painter's art could in this case rival the camera.

It shows a whole family of young blue tits, fully fledged, which have just left the nest, and are sitting, with their little legs well apart, on a couple of briar boughs. Probably the clever artist who "took" them just picked the little birds out of the nest and put them on the briar, where they would sit, not in the least frightened, taking their first independent view of the outside world. But look at the life in each of these little birds. The two on the lower branch have a thinner briar for a perch than that above, and as they have until to-day only lived in the nursery their legs are not very strong. Consequently they are holding on extra tight, and the effort has given a severe expression to their faces. The whole row sitting on the upper briar are more comfortable, but their little toes sprawl about in the most ridiculous way, and the one on the right is actually resting his fluffy breast on the point of a sharp briar-thorn. Weak as their feet are their claws are as sharp as needles, and if the birds are handled they will stick to one's coat-sleeve or waistcoat like a burr. Note how beautifully the texture not only of the feathers, but of the skin and beak, is shown in the sun-picture. In the two centre birds one sees the "down" of the fledgling sticking out between the new feathers, and in all, the wide, soft angle of the "mouth," which disappears as the beak hardens, is clearly shown.

The lovely briar-leaves, with every little notch and bite



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

ALL IN A ROW.

Copyright.

made by the rose-beetles shown, and the "decorative" beauty of the thorns, curved exactly like tigers' claws, are not the least charming part of the picture.

The nursery in which the parent tom-tits brought up the family was in the hollow where a rotten bough had been sawn off an apple tree, and is shown in the second illustration. The eggs, hardly bigger than peas, took almost no room at all, but in order to make the place comfortable when the family began to grow they filled every corner of the hole with moss. This is a point of honour with all tom-tits, and great tits also, no matter how large the hole. If they selected a portmanteau to build in, they would try to fill it up with moss. If the nest is in a letter-box, or a flower-pot, or a pump, the quilted moss, when taken out, is as good as a cast of the interior.

The actual cup where the eggs are laid is quite small, and lined with hair. This soon gets disarranged, and looks untidy, when the family begin to move about. In the picture it is all straggling and disarranged over the young birds' backs. Some of the young birds have been taken from the nest and put on the top to have their portraits taken. One has almost fallen off, and is clinging to the side like a young nuthatch. Note, too, the resolute way in which the other little fellow on the left keeps his right foot set against the rough lichen-patched bark, like a Swiss guide steadying himself on an ice slope.

Every one of these little birds is fat, healthy, and making constant demands for food. He eats far more than he will when grown up, for he has to make feathers all over him at the rate of about one-twentieth of an inch a day, and wing-feathers faster than that. How the two old birds manage to feed them is only credible from the fact that they *do* feed them. They catch grubs, mites, caterpillars, and mischievous larvæ of every kind all day long—and the day begins at 5 a.m. Each little tit must eat at least forty grubs and caterpillars per diem, their "elder brothers," the great tits, quite as much. That means 360 grubs to be fetched every day, besides what the old birds eat themselves.

As the young blue tits will all start grub-catching on their own account a little later on, and are, besides, among the eight or nine most brilliantly-coloured birds we have, it would be no bad thing if Parliament said definitely that they were never to be "shot" by any more deadly weapon than the camera.

C. J. CORNISH.

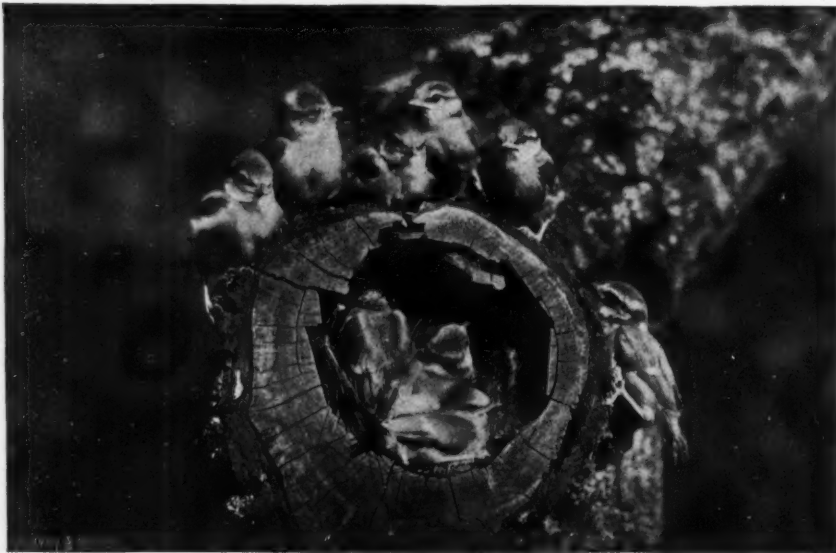


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

A FIRST LOOK ROUND.

Copyright.

THE CHAMPION HARNESS HORSE OF AMERICA.

THE 1895 National Horse Show of America was passing away in its usual blaze of glory. For five days the wealth and beauty of America had gathered at the famous Madison Square Garden to pay homage to the horse; and now the last and closing day had been reached. 'Twas Saturday night, and there remained but five classes for the judges to pass

upon. Then Class 63, for "Horses not under 15h. 3in., and not exceeding 16h. 1in.; suitable for gig or a four-wheeled vehicle; should have conformation, quality, style, all-round action, and be able to go a good pace; to be shown to an appropriate two or four wheeled vehicle," was called.

Though this class attracted no little attention at any time,



Photo. by C. Reid, Wingham, N.B.

ON A BRIAR BUSH.

Copyright.

no one for a moment expected anything out of the usual line to occur. There were twenty-six entries, gathered from one end of the country to the other, being the flower of the equine stock of the land. The horses were entering the ring and being put through their paces by skilful hands, and the vast audience gazed with interest on the sight, applauding a favourite here and there, when a magnificent chestnut gelding entered the enclosure. Immediately all eyes were centred upon him, his slashing, dashing gait demanding attention. This horse was Cogent, driven by his owner, Mr. Harry Hamlin, of Buffalo, N.Y. From his entrance until he left the ring he was the cynosure of all eyes, and when the blue ribbon, emblem of victory, was attached to his bridle, a shout of applause went up that filled every corner of the building, echoing to the vaulted roof. He took the crowd by storm, and created a furore such as no horse has done since. Newspaper after newspaper resounded with his praise, and ere many days he was known of from one end of the continent to the other, and even over the seas. This was his first appearance in any show ring, and, for that matter, the first horse of his breed to be shown.

Cogent is all his name implies—powerful and forcible. He is a superbly-built chestnut gelding, foaled 1888, 16h. 1in., short backed, magnificently quartered, with a head and neck that would attract attention anywhere. His grand style, poise, and carriage cannot be equalled on this continent, and his easy machine-like knee and hock action is light and easy yet not excessive. The chief feature of the horse, however, is his ability to pull weight at a good round pace and cover the ground in style. His legs are of flat and big bone, or "fluted," as his owner terms it. He is, in fact, the highest type of harness horse yet produced in America, and the accompanying picture fails to do him justice.

Cogent was bred and is owned at the celebrated Village Farm stud. He was sired by Mambrino King, one of the leading trotting sires of America. In the show ring Mambrino King was almost invincible, and for years carried the title of "the handsomest horse in the world," this title being conferred on him by commissioners of the French Government sent to this country in 1883 to inspect the stock produced here. He is a horse once seen is never forgotten, and is probably more noted for his beauty than any stallion in the world. As a sire of extremely fast and game race-horses he is well to the front, his get having been prominent on the leading tracks of the country for the past decade or more. From his sire Cogent obtains his easy, powerful action; from his dam he obtained his size and still more action. Mambrino King is a son of Mambrino Patchen, he by Mambrino Chief, great grandson of imported Messenger, from whose veins sprang the trotting families of America.

Coquette, the dam of Cogent, was a French bred mare. She was imported in 1885, and was purchased by Mr. C. J. Hamlin for the express purpose of breeding to Mambrino King. When Mr. Hamlin purchased Coquette and two other coach mares of the same breed he caused no little surprise by stating that he intended mating them with Mambrino King. He was

laughed at by some people, while others believed he had solved the problem, and that the cross would produce the ideal coacher. But Mr. Hamlin kept the produce of the mares in the background, devoting his whole time and attention to his racing stock. It was not until 1894, when he took his son Harry into business with him, that the real worth of this cross was discovered, and what the whole world lost by this neglect will never be determined.

Coquette was a chestnut mare, standing 16h. 2in., and could trot fast in the paddock, though never harnessed. Her pedigree is rich in the blood that has helped to make the French coach-horse famous, she being by Quintessence, a National stallion, son of Ignare, her dam being Bluetie by Jactator.

Since the National Show of 1895, Cogent has been exhibited at Boston, Massachusetts, where he won the two classes in which he competed, and at the National Show of 1896, where



COGENT.

he won the class for carriage horses 15-3 hands and over, and, later, the championship, defeating easily the leading horses of the country.

His victories have proved the superiority of the American trotting-horse, and have also proved that, when crossed with breeds possessing size and substance with action, the trotter can produce a horse possessing, in addition to the qualities mentioned, the ability to go and to stay to the end of the route. Since Cogent's first victory the crossing of the trotter with mares of the coach and hackney breeds has been carried on to a much greater extent than heretofore, and with much more care in the selection of the animals. There has been a great deal of talk about the failure of the English hackney to fulfil all expectations when imported to America, but the writer believes that the fault lies entirely with the breeder and not with the horse. Breeding promiscuously and indiscriminately will eventually pull down the standard of any breed, and the old adage of like produces like works equally in both human and equine families. Much thanks should be given to the originator of this new breed, for if carried on in a scientific manner the ultimate end cannot but be the salvation of the American breeder.





Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn,

MRS. ALFRED HOWARD AND HER CHILD.

14, Pembroke Crescent, W.

COUNTRY HOMES: LEEDS CASTLE, KENT.

A VERY imposing mass of embattled buildings is that which rises with formidable front from the lake-like moat of Leeds, near Maidstone, in Kent—a veritable island fortress, where, with drawbridge up and all the world shut out, the warder marched the battlements, and the hardy castellan might, for a time at least, defy the orders even of his lord the king.

It was a very unequal game in which, on one side, heads were staked, and the losers were given brief opportunity, ere they rolled, of reflecting upon bravery or temerity. There was Lenten fare, at least for the besieged, for here, in the

spreading moat, which covers about eleven acres, was "great plenty of fish," and the retainer, in the narrow space between the wall and the water, might land a pike, as they say, of thirty or forty pounds. The regular character of the buildings at Leeds is due to modern hands, which have raised wall, turret, and battlement in many a place where time, or the waster, whether the vengeful assailant, the Dutch prisoner—who burnt much at Leeds in the days of Charles II.—or the later Vandal, have ravaged or destroyed.

Some very masterful men have lived their lives or spent their leisure at Leeds. There was the soldier-priest, Odo,



Photo. by Frith and Co.,

LEEDS CASTLE.

Reigate.

Bishop of Bayeux, Earl of Kent, and half-brother of the Conqueror, who found his relative's turbulence excessive, and held him fast in prison to reflect. Then came the Crevequers, or Crèveœurs, the heart-breakers, who made Leeds the head of their barony, built or strengthened the castle, and founded the priory. The Crevequer of the time of Henry III., taking part with the Barons, forfeited Leeds, and it afterwards came to Roger de Leyborne and his son William, who so strengthened the place—of which a large part had probably been razed at the time of the Barons' War—that Edward I. grew watchful, and finally took it into the Royal hands and conferred it upon his Queen. But his successor granted it in fee to Bartholomew, "the rich Lord Badlesmere," who, like many other Barons, having no love for Gascon and other favourites, took arms with Lancaster, and set out for the field, his wife and family remaining meanwhile behind at Leeds, with one, Thomas Colepeper, for castellan. There are various accounts of what followed. The best accredited say that Edward, seeing an opportunity, essayed to take the place by stratagem. It was not otherwise easy to reduce. To pass a causeway commanded from the battlements was perilous, and there was the bridge to win under the shadow of the frowning portcullis gateway. If the courtyard beyond were reached, doubtless the main block of the castle buildings—on the site of which stands the imposing turreted edifice seen in the picture—would have long resisted assault. And, even if this were won, there still remained the keep to the north, to which the besieged could resort, raising behind them the drawbridge—now replaced by two arches of stone carrying certain of the castle buildings—and there, in their island stronghold, could hold out until reduced by famine, for the fish might be poisoned in the moat.

So it was that Edward sent his Queen on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, who, coming to Leeds, with a large following, commanded hospitality within the castle. But the Lady Badlesmere had the spirit of a Countess of Derby, albeit only for a time, or else her castellan was a man of momentary strength, for the bridge was drawn up, as if churlishly, and the Queen bidden to go her way. It was an act for which many paid dearly,

for Edward sent the Earls of Kent and Surrey to lay regular siege to the place, which so terrified the failing hearts of the inhabitants that they hastily surrendered, whereupon the castellan was hanged by the neck, and the Lady Badlesmere sent to the Tower, while her husband, captured afterwards at Boroughbridge, had his head struck off and raised aloft on a pole on Burgate, in the city of Canterbury.

In the next reign William of Wykeham, the eminent architect and ecclesiastic, was chief warden and surveyor of Leeds Castle, and seems to have raised it anew from a ruinous state into which it had fallen, to a condition of great strength, so that it became a Royal residence in subsequent reigns, and was placed in the charge of many eminent men.

The older visible remains of the castle belong to about this period, though there are earlier evidences, and the lower walls are in several places much older. Richard Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, lived at Leeds; there, Edward V. imprisoned Queen Joan of Navarre, his step-mother, and there the Duchess of Gloucester was tried in the reign of his son for sorcery and witchcraft. Henry VIII. made Sir Henry Guildford his constable at Leeds, who rebuilt a great part of the castle. To this time, indeed, belong most of the buildings which are not purely modern, but the picturesque Tudor erections of timber have long since disappeared.

A little later Sir Anthony St. Ledger, Lord Deputy of Ireland, became possessed by royal grant of Leeds Castle, and his son alienated it to Sir Richard Smyth, who rebuilt the southern block of the buildings with a gabled front, which was afterwards contorted by Lord Burlington into a Gothic castle by filling in the spaces between the gables with rustic stonework, and arching the windows with plaster. By sale the Castle passed to the Lords Colepeper, and by inheritance, through heiresses, to the Lords Fairfax of Cameron, who held it for several generations. Early in the century it became the seat of General Martin and of Mr. Fiennes Wykeham Martin. In the hands of these possessors the Gothic castle disappeared, and the existing imposing southern block, with its central tower and flanking turrets, was erected about 1822, when the interior was made to

correspond in elegance and character with the symmetrical castellated exterior. We may wonder then, perhaps, to see a place which has witnessed such dramatic scenes and passed through so many hands, presenting so noble and harmonious a character. In castellated splendour of aspect the place holds its own even with such great examples as Warwick and Arundel. The grey walls, to which climbing foliage tenderly clings, the picturesque bridges, the chimneys and turrets group most charmingly, and are reflected in the placid waters of the moat, which a tributary of the Medway swells to the dimensions of a lake. The double character of the castle, linked by the buildings resting upon two arches across the water, gives a very romantic appearance to the imposing pile, and a beautiful park, with rich greensward, great belts of timber, and many fine individual trees surrounding the castle, certainly makes Leeds one of the most attractive, interesting, and harmoniously beautiful of our great castellated domains.

JOHN LEYLAND.



Frith and Co.,

THE COURTYARD.

Reigate.



Photo. by Frith and Co.,

COUNTRY HOMES: LEEDS CASTLE.

Reigate.

THE BORZOI SHOW AT SOUTHPORT.

THE members of the resuscitated Borzoi Club have certainly not been idle during the last few months, but it is questionable if the show at Southport would have been the success it undoubtedly was had not the Duchess of Newcastle graciously consented to act as judge. It was, I may say, the first occasion on which a titled lady had appeared in this capacity, although, since the formation of the Ladies' Kennel Association, lady judges have become quite common. That the Clumber celebrity understands the variety goes without saying, for during a long connection with dogs and dog men and women I never met with a lady who had made a more successful study of any particular variety than has the Duchess of Newcastle. Her kennel, one of the most complete in the kingdom, contains at the present time the very finest team of Borzoi in the country, and, when at Clumber, her Grace is a daily visitor to the dogs' comfortable quarters. The team includes more than one home-bred one, and if there is one thing more than another that the Duchess prides herself upon it is this fact. Borzoi are not her only love in dogs, for at the luncheon at Southport she confided to Mr. G. R. Krehl, one of her stewards, that her ambition is to breed a good fox-terrier. Such a thorough sports-woman deserves support, and although one or two critics stood aghast at the type she preferred in several of the classes, it was all round agreed that for a *débutante* her Grace made but few mistakes.

I ought to mention before passing to a brief criticism of the exhibits, that a magnificent team of five, from Clumber, was on view. Not for competition, of course. This lot formed a big attraction, in fact, old show-goers agreed that a finer quintette was never benched. These were Champion Ooslad, Champion Milka, Champion Golub and his magnificent daughter Vikhra, and the particularly fine-headed Tsaritsa. Throughout the show these Borzoi were the centre of attraction, and although there were several very typical specimens benched for competition, not one approached any of the Clumber team in general condition and Borzoi characteristics. They were indeed a picture. The winning team, which forms one of our illustrations, was Mrs. Coop's, and consisted of Windle Courtier—a little under-sized, or he would assuredly have beaten Mr. H. S. A. Smith's Michael in the open dog class—Windle Earl, and Windle Flo. As a matter of fact, as a team, Mrs. Coop's Trio formed a very level lot, but individually neither is up to the standard in size. This is a very great drawback, for in Russia size is considered of paramount importance. In this connection it may be noted that very great regret was expressed that the Princess of Wales had

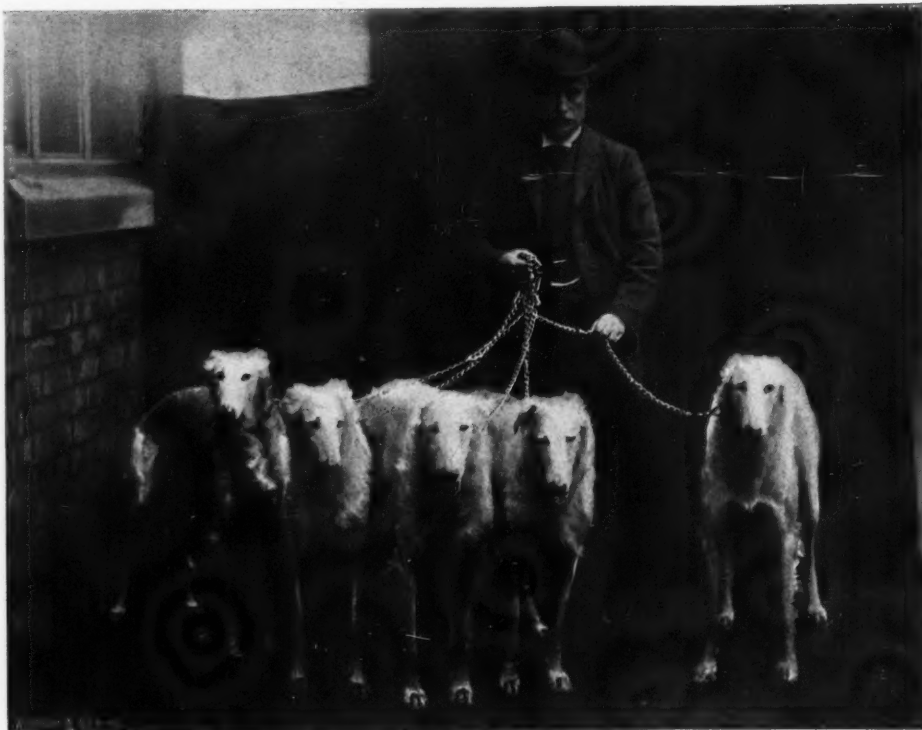


Photo. by Donnelly,

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S TEAM.

Southport.

not entered her native dog Alix, one of the best-sized Borzoi we have. He may not, however, be seen out again until the summer, when his first appearance is expected to be in London.

The class for foreign exhibits formed another disappointment, for, owing to lack of entries, the prizes had to be withdrawn. Had this section filled well English owners would have had an opportunity of comparing the native with the foreign product. Mrs. Griffiths Forder's *LADY ZICKA*, winner in open bitches and afterwards awarded the valuable special for the best Borzoi of either sex in the show, was picked out for this honour long before she went into the ring. She was in magnificent bloom; has a most typical head; is a pleasing colour, and, although generally voted a trifle obese, won well. The surprise of the show, however, was the position of Michael, a big dog I remember seeing at the Palace and also at Cruft's. He certainly took the eye of the Duchess, for he is not unlike the type bred to at Clumber. His immense bone, size, symmetry, and colour undoubtedly carried him to the front, and it was, indeed, a triumph for the south-country breeder to carry off premier dog honours with a youngster he had himself bred. *MICHAEL* is a son of Sokol—Princess Napratine, fashionably enough bred on his sire's side, and is about eighteen months old. His great failing is the carriage of his ears, and on this account more than one good judge at the ring side would have placed him below Windle



Photo. by Donnelly,

MICHAEL

Southport



Photo. by Donnelly,

LADY ZICKA.

Southport

Courtier, smaller dog though the latter is. On the whole, however, I think the judge was right. She made no hesitation in any of her awards, and got through the whole of her classes before luncheon.

Of the remaining dogs of which we give illustrations, Mrs. Charles H. Pugh's SAWLADKA is on the small side and not quite silky enough in coat. She is, however, a very handsome bitch, and in less keen competition would have done much better. In the novice section she certainly did exceedingly well, although the quality of the exhibits in this section was rather disappointing.

PRINCE GALITZIN, a young dog owned by Mr. J. B. Nixon, is not yet fully furnished, otherwise he would certainly have done much better. He is a nice size, of pleasing quality, and just the stamp to make up into a really handsome Borzoi.

A puppy dog I must not forget to mention is Mr. W. Taylor's young Korotai, a son of the great Korotai. He was far and away the pick of the junior classes, and his owner, who is, by the way, honorary secretary of the Borzoi Club, promoters of the show, came in for hearty congratulations on having bred so promising a youngster in his own kennel. He is very like his renowned sire in colour and mark-



Photo. by Donnelly,

MRS. COOP'S TEAM.

Southport.



Photo. by Donnelly,

SAWLADKA.

Southport.

ings, and will, with luck, make a name for himself. I think I have mentioned all the salient features of the show, which was, by the way, very well managed. Specialist gatherings never create much outside interest, but on this occasion the presence of her Grace of Newcastle as judge drew quite a fashionable crowd. Lady Eileen Campbell visited the show with her Grace, who came on from Manchester the same morning, and was met at the station by Dr. G. H. Pollard, Mayor of Southport. His Worship, who afterwards presided at the lunch, is not a doggy man, but so impressed was he with what he saw and heard during the show that he enthusiastically declared he would enter the lists with his pet Scottish terrier on the earliest opportunity. As a result of the show Borzois have been given a much-needed boom. It would, however, have been far more effective had the show been held in London and better advertised.

So interesting an event as the first Borzoi show ever held in England should certainly have attracted more than the couple of hundred visitors who patronised the show. As previously mentioned, Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle had no difficulty in making up her mind as to the awards. Indeed, one correspondent speaks of her as rattling through the judging. "Two and a-half awards made in a minute," or I should suppose that my correspondent more probably means five awards in two minutes, is perhaps a faster rate of judging than has ever yet been arrived at. More particularly is this so because even carping critics had to admit that mistakes were very few and that the decisions in almost every single case were approved by

the majority of spectators present. One very remarkable feature of the show was the absence of foreign exhibitors, while a good many of the more notable dogs of the day were missing from the benches. Indeed, so far as it claimed to be a special exhibition of the breed, the show was below the mark, the average of quality met with being far below that usually to be found at Kennel Club fixtures. Moreover, it could not compare for interest with the gathering of Borzois at Holland Park, last year, which still ranks as the best exhibition of the Russian hound yet seen on this side of the Channel.

BIRKDALE.



Photo by Donnelly,

PRINCE GALITZIN.

Southport.

LINGFIELD PARK.

THE SPORTS' CLUB AND STOCK EXCHANGE STEEPLECHASES.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE RESERVED ENCLOSURE.

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OF all the various gate-money meetings which have come into existence round London during the last five-and-twenty years, none has achieved more rapid success than Lingfield Park.

The first idea of making a racecourse there was formed, some nine or ten years ago, by Mr. Arthur Burr, who was at that time busy building a bungalow town close by. The project, however, took no practical form until Mr. R. C. Leigh took a lease of the property from Lord Henry Paulet in 1890, and the first meeting, which was under National Hunt Rules, was held there in November of that year. For two or three years after that its meetings were confined to racing under those rules, but in 1893 a straight mile was made, and sport under Jockey Club Rules inaugurated.

In addition to the natural beauties of the site and its surrounding scenery, one of the greatest charms of Lingfield Park is its general compactness and the convenient arrangement of its various stands and enclosures, whilst there are few courses which afford a better view of the racing. The making of the straight mile was a very difficult and costly operation, and perhaps no racecourse was ever successfully laid out on ground



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE STANDS.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CANTERING DOWN.

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less suited by Nature for that particular purpose.

One of our artist's illustrations gives a good view of THE MEMBERS' LAWN; and a GENERAL VIEW, which is the subject of another picture, shows that stand and the RESERVED ENCLOSURE, which are both well raised up on an artificial eminence, with the dining-rooms, telegraph office, weighing-room, paddock, stables, etc., immediately behind them.

In 1891 the Household Brigade held their meeting at Lingfield; in 1892 the United Hunts' meeting, which had for years been held at Edenbridge, close by, followed their example; and when the Sports' Club and Stock Exchange established their combined celebration some two years ago, they, too, chose the same site for their battle-ground.

It has always been a popular rendezvous with hunting men and their friends, and a goodly company of both assembled there last week to watch this really sporting meeting. The card consisted of six events—a heavy and light weight challenge cup, both for the Sports' Club and the Stock Exchange, and two open hurdle races.

Proceedings began with the Stock Exchange Light-weight Hunters' Challenge Cup, in which Mr. E. M. Scomes's good-looking black gelding, Sir Fred, beat Sir P. Nickall's hunter-like Yeoman for this event, and one of our illustrations gives a picture of the winner, with his owner in the saddle, coming back into the paddock.

The Sports' Club Light-weight Challenge Cup was won easily by the favourite, Mr. Polehampton's Oceanic, who is by that good sire of jumpers, Ocean Wave. There is a capital likeness of this horse, taken as he was going down to the post, with Lord Cowley riding.

The Astley Open Selling Hurdle Race brought out fifteen runners, and was taken by Mr. W. Woodland's four year old Squatter, by Pioneer, who beat a hot favourite in Lord Shrewsbury's Little Cicestrian of the same age; and Mr. F. Swann's Aniseed, by Friar's Balsam, who started favourite at 5 to 2, got home a length in front of thirteen others for the St. James's Hurdle Race.

The two Heavy-weight Challenge Cups for hunters came next, the Stock Exchange event being won by Bay Regent, by Keith, who beat his three opponents very easily; and the Sports' Club Cup going to Mr. Rucker's good-looking chestnut, Chance It, who started a hot favourite. He was exceedingly well ridden by that indefatigable soldier, Major Hardinge—whom I remember as a first-rate man after "pig" in India—and, making all the running, he finished two lengths in front of the five year old Grey Tommy, steered by that gallant veteran, Sir Claude de Crespigny. Considering that he was thought good enough to enter for this year's Grand National, it did look a good thing for him to win a race of this description.

Being the two most interesting events of the day, a more detailed description of the two heavy-weight races may be given. For the first, the Stock Exchange Challenge Cup, Cicily was the favourite at 2 to 1. However, Mr. Chinnery's mare made little or no show in the race, and, as a matter of fact, did not



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THE PADDOCK.

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THE MEMBERS' LAWN.

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Photo. by Rouch.

SIR FRED RETURNING TO SCALE

pyright—"C.L."

finish the course. Drogo led for a mile, when Parson went to the front for a short distance, only to give way again to the first-named horse. Bay Regent then challenged the leader, and, after a bit of a struggle, eventually won by four lengths. Four started for the Sports' Club Challenge Cup, for which Mr. M. D. Rucker's Chance It was a pronounced favourite, odds of 6 to 4 being freely laid on his chance; moreover, they were never in doubt, as the favourite led all the way, and won, as before mentioned, by two lengths from Grey Tommy.

Our illustrations convey a good idea of the strength of the company assembled in THE RESERVED ENCLOSURE and on THE MEMBERS' LAWN. CANTERING DOWN shows the light-weights going to the post, and THE LAST HURDLE is the final flight in the Astley Hurdle Race, in which event the fall of Wax Taper—shown in our illustration KNOCKED OUT—took place.

The meeting was altogether most successful, the prevailing tone throughout being genuine sport, which could not but commend itself to everyone present.

UBIQUE.

ON THE ROODEE.

FEW indeed, of the thousands who will wend their way to the historic Roodee this spring, will remember this famous old meeting in its palmy days some fifty years ago. Five decades since Chester was a good third to Epsom and Doncaster in public estimation, and there were not many handicaps that could boast heavier betting than the Cup. Within the last few years the Dee Stakes has numbered a future Derby winner in its field, but in days long past this race was generally looked upon as the key to the blue riband puzzle. The old meeting lasted five days—no Jubilee Stakes to look forward to at the end of the week, then—and for some days before, and during the race week, the sleepy, steady-going old town was transformed into a veritable Pandemonium.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE OPEN DITCH.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE LAST HURDLE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

KNOCKED OUT.

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Newmarket and London, of course, sent forth the devotees of sport in their legions, and from the surrounding counties the country folk flocked in thousands to the Cheshire Carnival. Manchester and Birmingham—in those days, as now—great centres of sporting men, contributed hordes of bookmakers and backers, and according to the records of the time, these two cities supplied the greater number of the vast army of sharps who did business at the cheesemakers' meeting. The Irish Brigade, too, were generous patrons of the races held at that venerable city on the Dee. They not only turned up there in force, but they sent over their cattle, and, probably, annexed their share of the spoil in one way or another.

Every inn was packed from cellar to attic; food and lodging were at an enormous premium; and gambling existed in such numerous and diversified phases, and was so universally carried on, that the sanctimonious secretary and his beatified brethren of the Anti-Everything League, had they existed in those days, would have been worked to death obtaining informations, had they not, as is much more probable, found a watery grave, in the early days of their interference, under the village pump.

Every shop, every inn, had its sweep or lottery, and numberless exploiters of this extinct form of gambling came in from surrounding towns. "Hells"—dens where dice and cards were the means of speculation—were established in almost every other house in the city; and from the finish of one day's racing to the commencement of the next the town and the temporary sojourners therein were

busily engaged tempting Fortune at the board of green cloth.

Until quite recently, when the Roodee was enclosed and made a gate-money meeting, the crowd to be found there was decidedly mixed, and most race-goers will well remember the microcosmic Inferno of booths, roundabouts, and other abominations, that made the Roodee unbearable to those people who attended for the racing alone. But what the town and course must have been like in the days I write of, would doubtless pass our more refined present-day comprehensions.

"Sylvanus," a valued and admired old friend of mine, whose works I can heartily recommend to the sportsman who is unacquainted with them, tells a very good story of the sharper bitten, that—as it may not be generally known to the present generation—I venture to here transcribe. A Lancashire "Condor," one of the smart school from Manchester, was over for the week, and looking out for any opportunity to relieve the unwary Cheshire yokels of their superfluous cash. It was, I must here inform you, the memorable year in which Red Deer won the Cup, ridden by Kitchener, the horse carrying a burden and the jockey going to scale at a bodily figure that are perhaps records, even for those days of feather-weights. Red Deer and a horse named Pagan had been for some time before the day nearly equal favourites, and the best judges were equally divided as to their respective merits. But a day or two before the race, those in the know were put on the fact that Red Deer was a certainty, and there was consequently among the well-informed an earnest desire to snap up all available offers against the "young 'un." Our man from Cottonopolis, whom we will call Strangeways (a *nom d'honneur* very suitable in more senses than one), made the acquaintance of a young Cheshire yeoman, whom "Sylvanus" has christened Joscelyn.

"Come, Joscelyn," quoth Strangeways, "we must have a bet together on the Cup. I will lay you an even hundred that the Deer beats Pagan. I know you want to back him."

"Well, for a man who comes from Manchester," replied Joscelyn, "you are a flat to back a foal like the Deer against Pagan. Why the old horse is chucked in, fit as he can possibly be made, and ridden by Simmy. Of the two, it's any odds on Colonel Cradock's horse."

The shark grinned horribly, a ghastly grin, intended to appear affectionate.

"Well," replied he, "I'll back the Duke of Richmond's youngster and do you a good turn, Joscelyn. The pencilers would want odds, you know. Look here, we'll settle it this way:

I'll give you a crown or you shall give me one for choice of the two for an even hundred. Are you on?"

"Done," said Joscelin. "Here, I'll give you the crown for choice. Ha! ha! The idea of Red Deer beating Pagan. Strangeways, you amuse me."

The dollar was handed over, and Strangeways, producing his pencil, grinned. "No need to ask you which you take, I suppose?"

"No need at all," quickly snapped Joscelin. "I take Red Deer."

"The devil you do!" screeched Strangeways. "Why I thought you were standing Pagan."

"Well, I'm not obstinate, and you are more clever than me, so I take the young 'un by way of a change, as he is your tip. To tell you the truth, I have been trying to get on him all day."

G. H. RAYNER.

A PROMINENT AMATEUR.



J. Robinson and Sons, CAPTAIN YARDLEY.

Dublin.

A RISING LIGHT-WEIGHT.



Photo. by Sherborn,

J. SHARPLES.

Newmarket.

NEWMARKET.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A VERY IMPORTANT OFFICIAL.

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"YES, uncle," said the nephew, "it's quite true. You're hopeless, and, oh, I am sorry for you, for if there is one dreadful thing that spoils the pleasure of your golf more than another it is slicing your drives. It's worse than missing short putts, and they're a nightmare. It takes such a lot of trouble to get out of, too. Pulling isn't half as bad; you can cure yourself of pulling in a shot or two, but it took me six months' hard labour to cure myself of my last attack of slicing."

"You, sir! You!" the colonel retorted. "Do you dare to put your case on a parallel with mine. Look at you; when anything goes wrong with your game, you've only got to go into the professional's shop and choose some patent club to correct it, or if that don't do, you can go and look into some of those confounded books, 'The Badminton,' or 'The Art of Golf,' or 'Hints on Golf.' Heaven only knows how many there are of them. But what resource have I? If I go to the club-maker's shop the chances are that he has not a left-handed club in his stock, or if he has, it's some three-cornered kind of dismal failure that's turned into a left-handed club because there was a knot in the wood that spoilt the block for a right-handed head. And as for the books, what help am I likely to find in them? There's not a word addressed to the unfortunate left-handed player from the beginning to the end of them. We have to golf by the light of Nature. One of the miserable scribes even goes specially out of his way to insult us—he plans an imaginary novel in which the *dénouement* is that the heroine, after the hero has tried to win the St. Andrews' medal and her hand, by dressing up a professional in his own clothes, contracts what the writer is pleased to term a *mésalliance* with a left-handed player. There's no crime, surely, in a man's being left-handed, nor even any deformity. Why should we not have books written for us, as well as the right-handed people?"

"Why don't you write one yourself?" Robert suggested.

"By Jove," said the colonel, "it is not at all a bad idea. How many left-handed golfers do you think there are in the world? Of course each of them would buy a copy."

"Of course," said Bob. "I think I know three, myself."

"Is it not singular, my dear sir," said the professor, "that in the old days at Prestwick, as I have been informed, the great majority of the golfers, though playing right-handed, yet played with the right hand above the left, on the grip of the club?"

"And why should they not?" the colonel asked. "The left hand below is only a convention. I know no great reason for the other grip. Indeed, I have a sort of notion that the championship was once won—was it by Mungo Park?—by a man who held his left hand under."

"You might have chapters addressed to fellows who preferred that grip, in your book, uncle," Bob suggested.

"Excellent idea," said the colonel, gratefully. "Really the book sounds like getting on."

"I see," I said, "that a Prestwick man, Mr. H. J. Whigham, has just won the amateur championship of America."

"A good golfing family," observed the colonel, "and I like

the way they arrange that championship of theirs. They make the men play thirty-six holes by score, and then pick out the sixteen lowest scorers and make them play out the business tournament fashion."

"Why not play it all tournament fashion, like our amateur championship?" Bob asked.

"Because the draw may be so unfair," the colonel answered, readily. "Look at the amateur championship which young Tait won here the other day. All the strongest players were drawn in a heap at the top of the list—all except Mr. Hilton, who went on clover until the final."

"Did he go on clover, though?" said Bob. "He had to beat young Graham, of Hoylake, for one; and there is no going on clover for anyone when they've got to meet him, I can tell you. Hilton only beat him in the semi-final."

"The fact is," I said, "that there are so many good players coming up out of the ranks of men who have not yet been heard of that there is no really very soft going in any part of the amateur championship tournament. But what the colonel means is that all the names best known in golf came pretty much together in the draw; and certainly it is a pity when two such players as, say, Freddy Tait and Johnny Ball have to do Kilkenny-cat-work on each other in the first heat. The idea of the American plan, and it is a good one, is to weed out all the weakly players, by the scoring competition, leaving only the best for the tournament."

"It does not always come off," Bob objected.

"Nothing ever always comes off, at golf," his uncle replied.

"If it did the game wouldn't be worth playing."

"A very wise observation, my dear sir," said the professor.

"But, may I ask, is not our musician going to give us any song this evening? It seems to me that this is especially an occasion on which—"

"Ah! ha! yes. Very good," the colonel responded, with a laugh. "Certainly we must have a song to-night, in honour of the toast that we drank at dinner. Come, Robert, my boy, don't be shy—that never was a complaint of yours. Let us hear you pipe up."

The toast drunk at dinner, be it noticed, was nothing less than the toast of the linked names of Mr. Robert Burscough and Miss Mary Flegg, and its significance was that on this very morning the heads of their respective families had given the young people leave to consider themselves formally engaged. Naturally we had drunk their healths with great enthusiasm; and when Robert was asked to sing, he very prettily and properly leant over to Miss Mary and said, "Shall I?"

And when she answered only by a blush, he followed this question up with another—"Will you?"

And, on the deepening of the blush, as the only response to this, he added—"The song I was showing you this morning, you know—you only have half a verse solo."

So, after a nod or two of mutual intelligence on the part of the performers and a few preliminary chords struck on the banjo by Bob, they began the following duet, illustrative of the moods

and phases through which their emotions had passed during the last week:—

He. "Sweet were the days when Love and I went dreaming
Forth o'er the links, the driver laid aside,
Golf and its deeds of little moment deeming,
Happily content to let the world go slide.

"Now Love is fled, and o'er the thymy hollows
Golf is the goal the lover holds in view;
Not in Love's eyes his fate the lover follows,
But o'er the bunkers, where his ball flies true."

She. "Saddest of sights for maid to see her lover
Fold idle arms and watch his glories go;
Sweeter by far, and nobler deed to move her,
Drives strongly struck, and mashie's ringing blow."

Both (allegro). "Sweetest of all, when Love and golf together
Link hand-in-hand in foursome's mutual aid;
Potent for help, in fair or stormy weather,
Fearless in fight, against a world arrayed."

"Oh," said the colonel, when we had applauded according to the merits of the sentiments and the melody. "So it was you, Miss Mary, was it, that sent Robert back to his golf?"

"Wasn't I right?" she asked, blushing.

"And I suppose," the colonel continued, "that the meaning of the last verse is that you and Robert are prepared to play any two of us—is that it? Then Flegg and I will take you up, my dear; will we not, Flegg?"

"Why, I thought, uncle," said Master Bob, archly, "that you were dead against ladies on the long links."

"Oh! that depends. There are exceptions, you know, Robert, and the case of to-day is exceptional, mercifully—at least, it won't occur again just immediately, I hope."

The challenge to a foursome match at golf, so undauntedly issued by Master Robert and Miss Flegg, was perhaps put forward with the greater confidence because we were all leaving Little Bedlington on the following day, so that there was no prospect of its being brought to an immediate proof. It was not until several months had passed, in fact until the Oxford winter vacation, that the same party was gathered together again, and then in very different surroundings—in that little house belonging to Professor Flegg that looks out on the Birdcage Walk, whence the small boys and the regiments of Guards often halt to look on, with some entertainment, at that learned man practising putting in the little cat-garden within the railings. Although we were then so far removed from any of the greater golf links it was, nevertheless, in the cause of golf that we had come together—to discuss plans for a brief golfing campaign during the Christmas holidays. The point of primary importance which had first to be discussed after we had adjourned to the smoking-room, after dinner, was which of several suggested greens we should favour with our company.

"There are two books of reference, my dear sir," said the professor, selecting the volumes from his book-shelf, "without which it is impossible to conduct a discussion of this nature."

"The 'ABC,' yes," said Colonel Burscough, after a glance at their titles. "That is all very well, of course, but what the dickens do you want with the *Golfing Annual*?"

"To see the price of the hospitality of the different clubs, my dear sir," the professor replied. "Their charges to visitors differ greatly, and at some it is forbidden to enter the names of visitors at all at competition times."

"All nonsense—so many competitions," the colonel declared, with a growl. "If they can't be content to play their matches for half-a-crown or half-a-sovereign, they ought not to play golf at all."

"Well, I vote we go to Sandwich," said Robert, by way of bringing the discussion to a point. "It'll be ripping at this time of year."

"Nowhere to stay," the colonel growled.

"Why," said Robert, "there's the Bell and St. —."

"Can't sleep at Sandwich—no sensible man can."

"Let's go to Deal, then; it's only five minutes train over in the morning."

"By the time you've caught your train and all that sort of job you've got yourself so hustled you can't play a stroke all day."

"Let's drive from Ramsgate, then."

"Too far—eight miles. I tell you, boy," the colonel asseverated fiercely, "when I take all the trouble to go away as far as that for my golf, I like to be on the spot, so as to stroll out on to the tee after breakfast, like a gentleman."

"Uncle don't mean to have Sandwich at any price," young Robert whispered, *sotto voce*, to Miss Flegg. "Truth of it is, he can't carry the bunkers."

"Of course you like Sandwich, you young scoundrel. You can carry the bunkers, and none of the rest of us can."

The colonel's implication of "motive" came as an amusing comment on Robert's whisper to Miss Flegg, and the two young people laughed, while the colonel frowned luridly.

(To be continued.)

ON THE GREEN.

MR. W. G. BLOXSOM led a team of golfers from the South of Scotland to do battle with the men of Aberdeen, on the latter's own course of Balgownie. Mr. Bloxsom's was a strong side, but it was not strong enough. Two rounds of the links were played to decide the match. The captain of the visiting team halved his match with Mr. J. Williams, but this was the only individual game in which honours were easy. The Kinloch brothers suffered badly, Major David Kinloch losing five holes to Mr. J. McCulloch and Mr. Frank Kinloch being no fewer than fourteen down to Mr. W. D. Davidson. These were losses to the visiting side. On the other hand they gained some notable successes, Mr. H. H. Harley taking eight holes from Mr. A. M. Mitchell, and Mr. H. B. Bryden and Mr. R. T. Mitchell gaining six holes apiece from Mr. Jopp and Mr. W. R. Reid. The aggregate result was that Aberdeen won thirty-three holes to the visitors' twenty-six.

In an inter-county match, at Warwick, between Warwickshire and Worcestershire, the home team had the best of the result by twenty holes against sixteen, the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton putting in a good balance of seven holes to the credit of the victors.

The new golf green in the Home Park, at Hampton Court, seems to be coming into some favour, though it has all the look of a course which will take a lot of mowing in the summer months.

Mr. A. P. Simson, once a St. Andrews' medallist, if we mistake not, and Mr. D. S. Murray have had many a match at Calcutta and elsewhere in India, but never a better one, probably, than their final fight for a prize given by Mr. J. F. Finlay for competition under tournament by holes. The decision of this final heat was in doubt up to the very final hole, where Mr. Simson won by two.

Mr. W. M. Baker had an extremely easy win in the monthly medal competition of the Cheltenham Club. The course is remarkably exposed, and it may well be that the wind had something to do with the scattering of the field, for Mr. Baker's score of 91—9—82 was nine strokes below the second best nett return, and his gross score, too, was the best sent in, by three.

In a match against a team of West Middlesex golfers, the Mid-Surrey Club had a list of wins, save for one halved match, throughout. Mr. John Gairdner led with a gallant victory, of seven holes, and, lower in the list, Mr. H. S. Gairdner had a gain of ten holes for the same side. The winners had the pull of playing on their own green. A second team of the same club, journeying over to play a second team of the West Middlesex on the same day, over the latter's course, had much severer work, but they, too, were in the end victorious by sixteen holes to twelve.

At Tonbridge Mr. J. L. le Fleming won the first competition for the Lucas Challenge Iron with a score of 78—2—76, Mr. G. A. Floyd being a good second with 89—10—79.

At Crookham, even without the aid of Mr. A. H. Evans, a team of the home club won a match against a team of Oxford University Seniors without a hole being scored against them.

Mr. Harold Hilton has been giving evidence that he is by no means out of form, by going round the Hoylake links in consecutive scores of 76 and 73. The course was not at its longest; not as long as it will be when the open championship is played over it in the middle of next month, but such scores as these might have been above criticism even on a longer course. Mr. John Ball has also been before the public, but not playing with equal success, tying for the lowest scratch score at Leasowe with Mr. Donald Ball. But this lowest was the not remarkably low one of 90. Taking these performances in connection with the play shown by the leading amateurs in Scotland, it would seem as if Mr. Hilton and Mr. Tait were the two who were in strongest game for the moment. Public form is in no department of sport more illusive as a guide than in golf, but anyone who was inclined to put any faith in it might be disposed to prophesy that Mr. Tait and Mr. Hilton, the semi-finalists of last year's amateur championship tournament, will be seen in the same position this year. But the ways of the golfing prophet are proverbially hard, and certain of a younger generation are playing up so well that the great prize may conceivably go to one of them.

In the meantime the Irish Amateur Championship has already been made matter of history, and can be spoken of with certainty. This is not that Irish championship which either Mr. John Ball, or else some Scotsman, usually wins, but a tournament confined to Irishmen "born and resident," as the report says. The contest was robbed of some share of its legitimate interest by the absence of the name of Mr. J. S. Moore, last year's holder, from the lists. There can be little doubt that Mr. H. E. Reade, this year's champion, deserves his title very thoroughly. Until the last match of all he really never had a hard fight, and his first match, in which he beat Mr. J. H. Barrington by three up and one to play, was the severest encounter until the final. Mr. Barrington certainly deserves some sympathy. He won his match—the only one in the first round, for all the other pairs had byes—only to be beaten in the second heat by the ultimate winner.

In the third and fourth heats Mr. Reade had very easy wins, and in the final against Mr. W. H. Webb, who had only beaten Mr. Stevenson after a tie in the penultimate stage, he stood five up at the end of the first eighteen holes. But the final, as in the open amateur championship, is decided on thirty-six holes. After luncheon, Mr. Webb played with great determination, and as the result of some give-and-take play with the balance in the latter's favour, the game stood at dormy to Mr. Reade, with two holes to play. The thirty-fifth hole was halved, and Mr. Reade thus won the championship by two and one to play; his opponent meriting every credit for his most plucky uphill fight.

Short holes are now and again done in a single stroke—it used to be the time-honoured tradition that a bottle of whisky to the caddie was the price of holing either of the short holes at St. Andrews in one—but it seldom happens that a man has such good fortune when he wants it most, as in a medal round. Yet this stroke of luck, helping out what must have been an extraordinarily accurate shot to start with, did actually befall Mr. C. H. A. Lock when playing for the last monthly medal of the Great Yarmouth Golf Club. Bogey's score for the hole is four, so Mr. Lock stole no less than three solid strokes from the common enemy on this single hole—a balance of gain that probably is a record! It is the more remarkable that a strong east wind was blowing, making accuracy of driving yet more difficult than usual. Mr. Lock showed his sense of fortune's favour by winning the medal with a score of 86—0—86, beating the second best score by the sufficient margin of seven strokes.

The prize given by Mr. J. C. Miller for play under point score and tournament conditions on the Eastbourne Green was won by Mr. H. F. Matheson, beating Mr. R. W. Patton in the final by three up and two to play.

THE BLACK PRINCE: A REMINISCENCE.

I DARESAY there are not a very great many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who will know who is referred to under this title, but when I knew him, and more especially years before that, when he was riding steeplechases all over the country, in the forties and fifties of this century, the jockey who was on the back of Charity, Gaylad and Peter Simple when they each won the Liverpool Grand National was as well known as the Black Prince as when he was spoken of as Tom Olliver. Or as the Druid says of him in his lines on Peter Simple:—

"With cunning Tom upon his back
And half the tin of Beverlac."

Yes—Tom the erratic, good-hearted, eccentric, and almost always impecunious steeplechase jockey and trainer; with his dark, gipsy complexion, black hair and whiskers oiled and curled on to his cheeks, was generally known as the Black Prince. The fund of amusing anecdotes and dry sayings he could bring out, especially when he had been looking on the wine when it was red, was remarkable. A few stories of him are given in Custance's book. In 1853 Tom Olliver won at Liverpool on Peter Simple, scaling 10st. 10lb.; at which time there was an only son of his riding on the flat, T. Olliver, Junr., who was what is now called "a fashionable light weight." In the same year, amongst other winning mounts, the lad won the Great Ebor Handicap at York, on Pantomime, 3yrs., 5st. 8lb. (about one-half of his father's weight); and I have no doubt he carried a lot of dead weight, for I imagine he could have gone to scale under 5st. When I was a lad at Cheltenham College, I often used to see him going to and from the railway station, a slim, light-looking bit of a boy, very natty in his appearance and general get-up. A few years after, when I came to know both old Tom and young Tom, the latter had put on weight, and had given up riding on the flat, and was living at Prestbury with his father, helping him, and riding gallops, schooling chasers and that sort of work. The last I heard of him, before George Frederick's year, was that young Tom was huntsman with Capt. West's pack of stag hounds, down Bristol way. I became acquainted with the Black Prince through a cousin of my own, with whom Tom had for a time lived in Ireland, when quite young, and before he had blossomed out into the well-known jockey of after years. I was quite a young fellow then, and was going for a few weeks' visit to Cheltenham; and the cousin told me I had better go and see Tom Olliver while there. Tom would be glad to hear of his old master, and so he undertook to write and say that I would come and see Tom at Prestbury.

At the time I am writing about, Prestbury and Cleeve Downs were spoken of as the Gloucestershire Newmarket; for there were a good many horses trained on the high up-downs—the strings of the Holmans and Mays doing their gallops there. I could name, besides, several of the jockeys and trainers of the present day that were "broke in" at Prestbury. Cheltenham itself has been responsible for at least a portion of the scholastic if not also the riding education of no less than four well-known gentleman jockeys, in Adam Lindsay Gordon, Tom Pickernell (Mr. Thomas), poor Roddy Owen, and Tommy Lushington.

I once heard a friend wax very enthusiastic on Gloucestershire as a nursery of sport and sportsmen, and say, with much truth, "Where did the Belchers and Gully come from, in the old fighting days, but from Bristol in Gloucestershire? In cricket did not the Graces come from the same place? In racing where did the Archers come from, and in lawn-tennis where did the Renshaws come from, but from Cheltenham in Gloucestershire?" Other examples were given me, which, being an old Cheltonian, I was only too pleased to endorse and agree to.

But this is a digression, and I must haste back to black Tom. Of course I lost no time in walking out to Prestbury and getting to know the ex-jockey; and when I had been put through my facings, and had acquainted him with the fact of some of my relatives having done a little on the Turf, he informed me that I was well bred, and at once I was dubbed "the young 'un," and I don't think he ever called me anything else, whenever I met him year after year. The nags were done up for the night, so I did not go into the stables, but an appointment was made for me to come up a couple of mornings later, and go up to the downs and see his string out at exercise.

Accordingly, at half-past five on a bright April morning, I slipped out of the house where I was staying, and started at a good striding pace past Pittville Gardens, up Cleeve Hill, and on to the racecourse, and across to Prestbury village, past the old but disused implement of correction for drunkards, tramps and such-like characters—the village stocks—through the "God's acre" of the church that in after years was famous as being, perhaps, the most High Church and Ritualistic in all England; then on up the village street. Here, on the left-hand side, stood the cosy little inn with hanging and ever-swinging sign-board which was a little later on kept by an ex-jockey, who had won a Liverpool Grand National

Steeplechase, and was father of one who rode the winner of five Derbys, four Oaks, and six St. Legers, and father also of a well-known Newmarket trainer of the present day. Need I say that I allude to the Archers—father and sons? A little way up the road I saw Olliver's small string of chasers waiting for him to come and join them, and look them over before they proceeded up the stiff hill to the galloping ground, over eleven hundred feet above the sea level. I was soon greeted by the head lad and stable jockey, James, with a cheery "Good morning," and the intimation that "the gov'nor was not down yet, and would I go in through the yard door and I was sure to find him in the house."

Accordingly, in I went, across the yard, when another cheery voice greeted me with, "Come along, young 'un, I'll be down in a jiffy," and there at the open window was the Black Prince, busy putting the finishing touches and final curl to those wondrous side whiskers of his. A look at the nags as they walked round on the road, and they were despatched on to the training ground; while my friend and I went to see some mares and horses out of training at the farm on the way up. Of all those I saw there was only one I remember after this long lapse of years, and that was a long, roomy mare with big ears, but with some rare good points about her. Ragged and unkempt she certainly looked, and not much of a bargain in appearance for a twenty pound note or its equivalent; but that mare by Melbourne—Lady Sarah was The Bloomer, afterwards bought by Mr. W. S. Cartwright, and she bred him, amongst others of high and low degree, such horses as the steeplechaser Penarth by Verulam, Fairwater by Loupgarou, Llandaff and Ely by Kingston—Ely the beautiful!—and Princess of Wales by Stockwell, the latter of whom became the dam of Albert Victor, Louise Victoria, George Frederick, and all the others of Mr. Cartwright's famous royal family of racehorses. Poor old Tom! in the course of the day's conversation he confided to me that he hoped to live to train a winner of the Derby.

Poor fellow! there was the ragged-hipped mare, whose grandson did win the Derby, but he did not lead in the winner, for a few months before George Frederick won the Blue Riband, Old Tom went over to the great majority, though he had broken in and trained the horse for all his seven two year old engagements, of which he won three, worth £1,038 10s. Verily, The Bloomer was a gold mine to Mr. Cartwright in her descendants of two generations.

After leaving the farm, we went across the fields to the schooling ground, where it was a good deal cut up and hedges broken down, as Tom the younger had been at work there teaching a young nag the way he should go across country; then past Queen's Wood, a well-known meet of the Cotswold Hounds, and away up to the galloping ground, then in good order, but in years later, as it indeed is now, a good deal cut up, and full of holes.

On a fine, bright, clear morning there is a grand view from the top of Cleeve Hill. The silvery Severn winds its way far off to the right hand; Gloucester Cathedral standing out well in the distance, while further away there is Tewkesbury, on the banks of the Severn; Worcester in the remote distance, and to one side the Vale of Evesham and all that open country; and again, in the other direction, the continuation of the Cotswold range away to Northleach, where old Isaac Day used to train for several good patrons of the Turf.

After so many years have elapsed I can remember but three horses in Olliver's lot that morning, and they were old Maurice Delay, an Irish steeplechaser of the "varminty" cut, who had been placed more than once in the Grand National, but had always failed to catch the judge's eye as first. He could go, and was a grand "lepper," but if collared, he at once curled up. The Druid's description of Tom Pain's old slave, Clothmaker—who was still living about the time I am speaking of—could very safely be applied to Maurice Delay, who was called after a noted member of the P.R., alive at that time. The Druid says of Clothmaker, who was by the Prime Warden, out of a Sir Hercules mare, "his peculiarity was that he must start last, and catch the horses one by one, if there were thirty of them. If any of the rear ones could come again, and clatter up to his girths, he was such a cur he would never try after." And that was Maurice Delay all over.

Another old crock, well known in the Welsh circuit, was Battery, by Assault, on three legs and a swinger, which latter often became a bolster. But he was able to pay his way, by picking up small stakes, seldom worth more than £50, for with old Tom "little fish were sweet indeed." Battery afterwards was made famous as being a bone of contention in the *Nisi Prius* Courts, and the Judge who took the case asked the Counsel to inform him of the meaning of "a swinger."

The best horse in the string was Bright Phœbus, by Harkaway—a Don John mare that Tom had picked up for £50 out of an overcrowded Yorkshire stable, where he was offered his choice out of about six, Tom, the ever-hard-up-for-ready-cash, having

six months' time before payment would be expected by his accommodating fellow trainer; as the horse's then owner told me, "S'help me, young 'un, he won £600 before it was time for me to shell out, which I did like a good 'un. Next year I got £1200 in stakes by him; and I have, a week or so ago, sold him for £800." So the horse was a good investment for the Black Prince. Bright Phœbus's new owner flew at higher game, and did not know where and how to "place" him; and the chesnut, white-faced and white-legged son of Harkaway never won a feed of oats afterwards. James, the stable-jockey, with sweaters on both himself and the horse, took Maurice Delay a good steady gallop, and the next week Maurice mended his manners and won the big Steeplechase at Abergavenny. After seeing all the horses do their work (during which I nearly got kicked by Battery, while helping to remove his sheet) I returned with the Prestbury trainer, down the hillside, home to his house again, and had a look through the stables.

The horses had got home before us; and coming out of Bright Phœbus's box with Tom, the horse tried to savage me,

and would have done so, but for his trainer's ash plant being administered to his nose with a good sharp blow.

One thing I know I brought home with me from the downs, and that was a rare good appetite; and I did justice to the good substantial breakfast Mrs. Olliver had provided for us: washed down with some good home-brewed ale, for which the little house at the corner of Prestbury village was well known. After breakfast we adjourned to the little drawing-room upstairs, where I lay on a sofa that was covered with the skin of Cigarette, at one time a well-known steeplechase horse, and listened to the stories Tom rolled out, one after another, in his quaint, dry, humorous way. At which I could only lay back on what was once Cigarette's skin and laugh till my sides ached. Often afterwards, at various race-meetings, did I meet Tom Olliver, and never without a hearty laugh at something he told me. There seemed a lot of the Irish character in his composition, and this was perhaps rubbed into him when quite a young fellow, and only a hunting groom just out of "dear, dhirty Dublin."

IRISH BIRDCATCHER.

MR. DODGER.

AT the present moment Mr. Dodger is lying at full length on the lawn under a blazing sun. He will continue in that position until the scalding heat—which foretells a thunderstorm—drives him into the shadow of the *Berberis Darwinensis* close by. Then he will pant, catch a fly or two, and so lie down again. When he is cooler he will return to the sunshine, and repeat the performance.

He is a fidgety creature, and the sworn foe of all winged insects. They give him no peace. They disturb his slumbers by alighting on (to him) inaccessible parts of his person, or circle round the nose of him inattending, for Mr. Dodger is deaf. Let him but catch sight of his tormentors, and he will lazily watch them until they come within striking distance. After that, the rash intruder is beyond repentance.

As a poacher, Mr. Dodger has no peer. He disdains all breech-loaders, nets, and springs. He prefers to dig out a rabbit instead, and considers the uncooked flesh a greater delicacy than rabbits boiled, stewed, or roasted. But they must be young and tender; otherwise he will have none of them. It is a fine sight to see Mr. Dodger on his back at a rabbit-hole, while he kicks and scrapes away the roof until the entrance is large enough to admit him. How any coat can stand such rough usage has always puzzled me; but Mr. Dodger has worn his for years. It appears to be made of some wiry texture; but I can never get a garment to last like his.

As a naturalist, Dodger confines himself to the study of rats—all kinds of rats, brown, black, white or piebald. No man, in these parts, has ever secured so large and varied a collection. I have known him sit for hours before a hole, waiting for the resident who has taken refuge there to come out and breathe the fresh air. And I have seen that rat walk deliberately out of his retreat as much as to say, "It's your trick, pard. Pick up the stakes. No trumps left."

As the self-appointed guardian of the house, Mr. Dodger magnifies his office. He is always on the watch for any member of the family who appears, to his vigilant eye, to be dressed in walking costume. With me he makes the circuit of the garden every morning, and carefully inspects everything to which I direct the attention of the gardener. With children he is the most delightful companion. He will suffer them to dress him in old clothes, to set him in a wheelbarrow, and to wheel him any distance, without the slightest sign of reluctance. He will jump for them over horizontal sticks, or play hide-and-seek—for which purpose he allows himself to be shut up in a cupboard, while his playmates conceal themselves. Yet, with all these claims upon his time and attention, he never fails to give notice of a visitor's approach; and he is the first to welcome the occupants of the pony-trap when they return from a drive. Strangers are inclined to resent the officious character of these greetings; but Dodger's reputation as the family guardian is not a thing to be trifled with. Unfortunately Mr. Dodger's constitution is intolerant of cold. He is an elderly gentleman who requires warmth and comfort; and he suffers most painfully from rheumatism. Consequently, winter-time obliges him to get as near as possible to the fire by day, and by night to appropriate any odd feather bed or blankets set apart for expected visitors, or any nice fluffy mat which the mistress of the house may provide for special occasions. I regret to say that he is not held in high esteem by this lady. She complains that Dodger requires a daily bath and an unlimited application of soft soap. But she dares not say so, of course, in his presence. To prepare his tub is to ensure the instant disappearance of the old fellow; even to speak of it, in the presence of his masseur, is quite enough to sour an otherwise amiable temper.

Not long ago Mr. Dodger met with an apparently serious accident. He was endeavouring to cross the road, when he was

run over by a waggonette. Friendly hands lifted him into the vehicle and drove home with him; so that the poor old man was spared a tiresome walk. It so happened that our pony-trap, filled with children, met this waggonette, and it was truly piteous to hear Mr. Dodger tell his playmates all about the disaster, while the tears of pain stood in his eyes. He narrated the incident in a prolonged succession of wails which went to the heart of all hearers, and nothing would satisfy him until he had been transferred to the pony-cart. But Dodger turned out to be a humbug. Minute examination of his person proved that his injuries were confined to one foot, but for some days he persisted in an exaggerated limp which entirely disappeared when the children proposed a game of romps.

Truth compels me to say here, that Dodger, in the character of "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," is a genuine impostor. Invite him to do anything against his inclination, and he will immediately plead rheumatism as an excuse. The injured foot is likewise exhibited for inspection, and the whole limb quivers with spasmodic agony. Yet, if you invite him to a game, a race, or a rat-hunt, who so nimble as Dodger? So, too, if you propose that he should go for a stroll before retiring for the night, the old rascal limps painfully and slowly while he reproaches your hardness of heart by an appealing look—which has been known to have its effect. I forgot to say that poor Dodger is dumb as well as deaf. He has just trotted in for his afternoon tea, and I make him understand that I am writing his history. Sometimes I have entertained murderous thoughts of poisoning Dodger—owing to the opinion of the house-mistress respecting his offensive odour, and that of cook, who complains that his appetite is "most drefful nice." But I cannot. So old and faithful a retainer deserves a far better fate. I love his white coat trimmed with black patches. I love the beautiful eyes whose language no one can read so well as I. I have no shame in stooping down to kiss the spots of tan which so adorn his eyebrows. And, as I lift him to my knees and draw his sweet face close to mine, I tell him—he knows I speak the truth—that I would not exchange my dear old fox-terrier for the champion dog of the universe. Sirius may take first prize if he will; but he is not, and never can be, Mr. Dodger.

BENNETT COLL.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMPETITIONS

THE public schools competitions, which are annually held at Aldershot, are becoming more popular each year. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were amongst the large and fashionable gathering by which they were patronised this year. Most of the big public schools were fully represented, an evidence of the interest that is taken in these events. The boxing was not perhaps quite as good as usual, but Harrow, St. John's School, St. Paul's, Bedford Grammar School, Forest School, Lancing College, Dulwich College, Wellington College, Radley College, Felstead School, Clifton College, Cranbrook School, and Tonbridge School all took their part in the four competitions, which were eventually divided between St. Paul's and Bedford. Last year W. L. Ambrose (St. Paul's) won the light-weights, and in once more repeating his success clearly displayed such excellent generalship that many judges were disposed to concede to him the honour of having shown the best form of the day. C. M. T. Hogg (Bedford Grammar School) defeated J. L. Thouron (Radley) in the final for the middle-weight, which last year was won by A. P. Meyer (Clifton College). The Hon. C. E. Craven (Radley), after beating A. L. Champneys (Charterhouse) in the first series of the heavy-weight, had to bow to defeat in the final at the hands of H. Brackenbury (Bedford), while after a very even bout between G. W. Sharpe (Harrow) and A. R. Littlejohn (Bedford) in the final of the feather-weight, Littlejohn gained the verdict.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TO the wide circle of Mr. Richard Davey's friends in London and on the Continent the immediate success of his long-expected book, "The Sultan and His Subjects," will be no matter for surprise. For Mr. Davey is a citizen of the world in the true sense of the expression; he has seen men and cities with an observant eye; he has read deeply and widely; and he is universally admitted to be master of that art of conversation which is at once full of information and of learning, but not tedious, and replete with the brightest anecdotes told with spirit and accompanied by appropriate gesture. No apology is needed for this personal reminiscence, because Mr. Davey's book is Mr. Davey's personality in print. It records the impressions of a clever man who immersed himself thoroughly in things Turkish during his all too brief sojourn in the East, and spared no pains to render himself familiar with the literature of and about Turkey to be found in Constantinople and elsewhere. For the book, it is in part historical, tending to show that a study of the history of the Ottoman Turks, a knowledge of the character of the official Turk, an investigation of the religion to which the Turk is devoted, must shatter the hopes of those who wish to believe in the possibility of reform from within in the Turkish Empire. Since these pages are not political, it is necessary to add that the view that Turkey will never reform herself does not involve as a necessary corollary the view that she must be reformed from without, for it may sometimes be wise to leave a dangerous enterprise alone. Only it is wise to understand that the Armenian massacres of to-day are no novelty, they are but a consistent sequel to the deliberate policy followed by Murad at Erzeroum just 250 years ago, and then that policy was centuries old. Apart from history, Mr. Davey's book is full of miscellaneous information artfully and amusingly imparted. In fine, this is not only a useful book but also full of entertainment, and it may be recommended with cordiality.

Mrs. Hays Hammond's book, "A Woman's Part in a Revolution" (Longmans), could hardly be expected to add much to the sum of our knowledge concerning the facts which brought about in Johannesburg a state of feeling which had its outcome in Dr. Jameson's ill-starred ride. But that is no matter for regret, for, if there be any living English man or woman who is not wearily familiar with every episode which preceded the raid and with every detail in the raid, that want of familiarity is certainly not due to lack of materials or of opportunities of information. In truth, Mrs. Hays Hammond's work is an account, written by a remarkably clever and witty woman, of life in Johannesburg during that period which is better described as "Mr. Krüger's Reign of Terror" than as a Revolution. It is full of those little details which fill in the outlines of the picture for us. Did the Boers at any time mean seriously to execute the sentence of death upon the four men sentenced to the extreme penalty? "The gallows was prepared." But Mrs. Hays Hammond, eager as she is to point out that the humorous aspect of things occurred to her later, cannot for the life of her resist the temptation to be funny; and then she is herself irresistible. The account of the manner in which food was smuggled into the prisoners is delicious. One lady carried tins of sardines and beef essence concealed in her stockings. Think for a moment of the outline of that leg! Another carried a flask of coffee in her bosom, and so forth. An abortive and costly revolution is, in truth, the best of jokes for other people when all danger is over and when the story is well told.

A sumptuous and well-equipped book of the day is Mrs. Ernest Hart's "Picturesque Burmah, Past and Present" (Dent), with its cover representing a piece of Burmese embroidery, and its numerous photographs and other illustrations. Certainly, few seekers after "health and enjoyment" have been more successful than Mrs. Hart in imparting to others a share of their enjoyment. It is quite true, as Mrs. Hart says, that "little is known at home of the beautiful country and interesting people of Burmah," and it must be confessed that she has done much to remove any excuse for such ignorance. The illustrations are capital, and Mrs. Hart's powers of word-painting are of no common order. We suspect that she will set a good many globe-trotters a-fire with the longing to be on the road to Mandalay.

Two books by an old author have lately come under our notice, and, seeing that they bear on subjects having special interest for the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, no apology is needed for the mention of them. Both are by Mr. H. C. Barkley; both are published by Mr. Murray in a popular edition. They are "My Boyhood" and "Rat-catching." In the first the author tells pleasant stories of rabbiting, and ridding, and bird-nesting in his boyhood, and tells them in such a manner that, while boys may pick up many a wrinkle from them, more mature persons can read them with interest. In the second, Mr. Barkley, posing as a professional rat-catcher, delivers with whimsical solemnity a series of lectures on the Art and Practice of Rat-catching. He pretends to be of opinion that the rudiments of the business ought to be imparted at Eton and at other schools, so that, the professions being overcrowded, gentlemen might earn an honest living by rat-catching. All this he does with such consummate and artless art that the reader, on occasion, almost believes him. The charm of the book lies in the character of the man that breathes between the lines. We seem to see him as he was in boyhood and early manhood, endowed with an abounding love for all creatures (except rats) great and small, robust in temperament, and passionately addicted to the open air, devoted to dogs, and in full sympathy with all, particularly the ugliest, of them, a keen observer of all the life of the field and the hedgerow. Mr. Barkley's style is plain and very free from ornament; but the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home" himself did not understand Nature better or bring us more completely face to face with her.

If there are any persons left who, being able to read, have not fallen across "Margaret Ogilvy," by Mr. J. M. Barrie (Hodder and Stoughton), they will thank us for directing their attention to it, and those who are familiar with every word in that touching elegy in prose will not be sorry to be reminded of its beauties. It celebrates the memory of Mr. Barrie's mother. Now in the ordinary way we have a disposition to object to those writers who turn their personal losses into Manuscript and haggle with the publisher about the price of their recorded griefs. But everything depends on the way in which the work is done. We do not think ill, for example, of the late Laureate for writing and producing "In Memoriam," although Arthur Hallam was his dearest friend. Mr. Barrie's way is, in point of tenderness and delicacy, Lord Tennyson's, and his "Margaret Ogilvy," as a prose poem of uncommon beauty, deserves long life. Very dainty and loving is the portrait drawn of the mother who clearly inspired his life and work. We see her in her habit as she lived, most particular as to her appearance, thrifty, resolute, tenderly affectionate, wrapped up in her son, full of light badinage for that there is but one woman in all his works, ready also with light sarcasms, particularly in her criticism of his joining a club. Quaintest touch of

all is her professed hatred of R. L. Stevenson for that R. L. S. wrote better books than J. M. B. No, this is no case of a man selling the record of his griefs; rather is it the case of a loving son who, having lost the mother to whom he feels that he owes all, has devoted all that was best in him to raise a monument to her memory. If in the edifice so raised there be flaw or blemish, then we, for our part, thank Heaven that we have not wit to see it.

Forthcoming books, for the moment, are not many in number. One among them, to which every lover of the antiquities of sport will turn, is a biography of Joseph Strutt, author of "Sports and Pastimes." Old Strutt's book is one of the most charming of old-world productions, especially pleasant being his collection of old sporting and ornithological terms, *e.g.*, "a murmur of starlings, a congregation of plover, a badelynge of duck," and so forth. Those who know Mr. Will Rolkenstein's Oxford portraits will learn with pleasure that, next month, Mr. Grant Richards begins to publish a series of "English Portraits" from his hand. In the May number will be included Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," will shortly produce a new work, entitled "Equality," and Mr. Frank Stockton's "A Story-teller's Pack" will be published by Messrs. Cassell about the end of the month. Observe, too, that the New Gallery catalogue will contain a poem by Mr. Kipling.

Books to be ordered from the library:—

- "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Edited by P. Fitzgerald.
- "Captain Shannon." By Coulson Kernahan.
- "In Court and Kampong." By Hugh Clifford. (Grant Richards.)
- "The Warwickshire Hunt." (Sampson Low.)
- "Joan Seaton." By Mary Beaumont. (Dent.)
- "Tales of South Africa." (Constable.)
- "The Western Avernus." (Constable.)

NEOPHYTES.

ALL who play at games or indulge in sport are neophytes at the start. In games such as cricket or football the neophyte is caught young. He is then harmless and helpless with his equally innocuous peers. When he emerges from the neophyte stage he is either a good, bad, or indifferent player, and takes his place accordingly. Golf, on the other hand, has many neophytes, who are both long in the tooth and bald on the head. The game has a great attraction for elderly men. With all the desire in the world, they cannot do much harm, and they generally can find opponents as proficient as themselves. Thus they do not interfere with the pleasure of others, whilst they take their exercise and amusement in comfort.

The neophyte is not a desirable fishing companion. Say you have two miles of good water, enough to last all day, if properly fished. His tackle is perpetually getting wrong; his fly goes in any direction but the right; his language is more forcible than polite; he will try one pool without success, then rush on to another, with the feeling of trying to "wipe your eye"; he is above all things jealous, and therefore restless; he disturbs all the fish without catching any, votes the whole thing a bore, and wants to go home. Let him take the trap, and go, if possible.

It is in the hunting field and across the stubble, however, that the elderly neophyte at the game is amusing to himself and a nuisance to his neighbours. A man of middle or advanced age, having a sufficiently long purse, suddenly conceives the idea that his *voie* is that of a country gentleman. He buys or rents a place in the country, and takes lessons in horsemanship. In process of time he finds he is able to remain in the saddle at a faster pace than a walk. The riding master takes care of this, or he would lose half his customers. As soon as this happy period arrives he must hunt next season. Then it is that his troubles begin. The horses he has are not as those of the riding school. They have less work, more corn, and, let us hope, are of better quality.

Our gentleman having driven to the meet, takes his horse from the groom, and a mouthful of Dutch courage from the flask. Trotting to the first draw may, or may not, pass over all right. He may not have ridden on to the heels of a kicker; still he finds the day warm, and we may often see beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. The hounds having found, and gone away from the opposite side of the covert, he finds himself going with the tail of the crowd in pursuit. Whether he likes it or not, go he must, as his mount intends to be where the others are. As "hands" are not given to the neophyte, it is now a case of "pull devil, pull baker," in the endeavour not to ride into others. If a fence comes in the line, he most likely goes up to it at the same pace, and then very likely on to his horse's neck. Horses, even old hunters, will generally decline a fence when they know their rider does not mean business. That they do know it as well as if they had been told is a certainty. Should hounds throw up in the middle of a field, or on a road, the neophyte, if handy, is certain to be amongst them. When addressed by the Master, in terse but vigorous language, he only wishes "those beastly 'dogs' would keep out of the way." Happy for him if the day ends without his having dislocated a rival sportsman's kneecap at a crowded gateway, or had himself or horse badly kicked. He has had a hard day's work, but feels rather proud than otherwise. He has yet to endure the chaff of the dinner table, which alone prevents him thinking himself a mighty Nimrod. Chaff, whether in the manger or across the table, is most serviceable.

That the elderly neophyte is a nuisance in the hunting field there can be no doubt. Across the stubbles, or in a wood, he becomes an absolute danger. Who has not experienced the delightful sensation of gazing down his barrels, when, advancing in line with triggers at the full, he turns to look at something behind him. The knowledge that he will fire at every bird, right or left, is not conducive to good temper on the part of those next to him. He claims every bird he fires at, although it is only by a fluke he ever shoots straight. When he is posted in a drive keepers and beaters require to keep at long range. He only discovers the difference between a pair of leggings and the fur of a hare when the owner of the leggings yells. If he is a gunner only, his coverts are more often than not closed to hounds, whilst the foxes are considered venison, and treated accordingly. If he does allow a few foxes to breed in his coverts, his keepers are so negligent in stopping when hounds are coming, although liberally paid to do so, that foxes are never found there. They, perhaps, pay better to send to Leadenhall Market to be sold as bagmen. The Master of the Craven has this season had to address a circular to the subscribers on these very subjects.

OLD BOOTS.

Notes from my Diary

by Mame Sans-Gêne

SATURDAY: Of course I have been to see my godmother at the Lyceum, and I want a dress with a little coat like Ellen Terry's. The buff-coloured skirt hangs in full folds round her hips, and the little coat is of green cloth bordered with metal fringe, while the high collar round the neck has a proper stock of the old-fashioned kind, and a narrow border of beaver heads the fringe on the jacket, quaint metal ornaments fastening it in the front at the waist. I don't want the hat though of white beaver, recalling the postillions of olden days.

TUESDAY: I wonder why Essie did not offer to take me to Kempton Park when she knows how dearly I love its delights in the early spring, and how the scent of the hedges wakens in me all my rural inclinations, and for the moment kills my craving for London joys. However, she failed in her sister-in-lawly duties, and called to-day to tell me how much money she had won, and how much she admired her own grey frock, which certainly sounds very nice, made with one of the new skirts set in gored flounces guileless of fulness from waist to hem, and completed with a bodice with a box pleat over the shoulders on either side back and front, overhanging a belt of dark grey suede and showing at the top a small collar and revers faced with grey glacé and braided in gold and silver. She wore a grey chiffon hat elaborately frilled, with two grey feathers, and had tied round her neck white tulle to fasten in a large bow, without which she declares no costume or woman should be recognised as worthy. Essie is nothing if she is not positive about fashions. But as she won twenty-two pounds yesterday she is even more than usually cock-sure of the value of her own opinion on all points. To-day she actually thinks that she is a fine judge of a horse, and I had to sit and listen to her while she

told me her exact reasons for picking out this one or the other. I am certain she is under the impression that had it not been for her advice her favourite jockey would not have been so successful. I always rather enjoy seeing Essie in the Paddock. On the strength of her uncle having possessed, some twenty years ago, a steeplechaser which never won anything, she is on the most intimate terms with all the trainers, and confidently approaches the most prominent men on the Turf to demand their private opinion. The plan usually succeeds, I am bound to confess, but Essie is one of those women who succeeds in whatever she undertakes. Did she not marry my brother quite against his will? But I feel very angry with her to-day, otherwise I should not publish this fact. I wanted to go to Kempton yesterday, instead of which I stayed at home, being dreadfully bored by some uninteresting people who insisted upon remaining in town over Easter, and took credit to themselves for so doing, when such a programme was merely forced upon them by the want of appreciation of their various friends. I am always wary of the man or woman who is at home all the year round, from Friday to Monday, and declares it is because he or she adores London. It is nothing of the kind—it is really because nobody has asked them out, because nobody wants them out.

On serious reflection I find that I was amongst the stay-at-homes; but when I decided to keep a diary, I expected to give myself away sometimes.

THURSDAY: Was ever woman in such humour wooed—was ever woman in such humour won? I have actually had an adventure on my bicycle, or rather off my bicycle. I was using horrible language in an inaudible tone in the Bayswater Road, for my tyre had suddenly lost its figure, and I had simultaneously



A MAUVE TOQUE WITH PANSIES.

A PINK STRAW TRIMMED WITH PINK TULLE AND POPPIES.

IN THE GARDEN.



A BLUE SERGE DRESS TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

lost my seat, when an enterprising stranger in irreproachable stockings, who was also bicycling, offered me his assistance. I did not hurt myself, but I was excessively annoyed. I object to women who bicycle in the streets, and I always have objected to them, and having joined their ranks, I think it is my duty, at least, to suffer no mishap. Why that idiotic man did not attend to my tyres before I started I know not, I only know that this was a very pleasant person, I only know that we stood talking on the curb for an unconscionable time, in the vain endeavour to repair the disaster, and that he ultimately placed the machine in a hansom as gently as a mother would her first-born child, if not more so, and that he had the discretion to ride beside the cab all the way home, as he said "to lift it down for me on my arrival," as I suspected, with that vanity which is peculiarly my own, to see where I lived, so that he could call to-morrow. He has an Oxford manner, and although Tom, when told of the tale, muttered unsympathetically "like his cheek"—that is what a man always says of another—I think he behaved exceedingly well. I am quite pleased with him. I don't know his name, but I am sure it is his duty to come in the morning to see how I am, and he looks like a man who always did his duty. I think I shall put on my best gown. Such a pretty new gown this is, too, in a bright shade of red with a crêpe de chine blouse overhanging a belt of three shades of red, pale pink being at the top, and a dark red just round the waist. It has a plain, dark red cloth skirt, lined with pink, a fact which I can make obvious when I desire, and is trimmed round the back almost from waist to hem with lines of braid graduating towards the front, to terminate just round the knees. Perhaps, if he does not call, somebody else will. I am feeling distinctly impatient for a romance. The time of rhododendrons and romances always comes in together for me.



IN KEW GARDENS THE LAKE.

THE lawn is, when well cared for, a beautiful feature of English gardens, a smooth, velvety sward, restful to the eye, and a setting for beds of flowers.

Many interested in their gardens seem to come to grief with the lawn—the outcome in most cases of neglect. The mowing machine is constantly robbing the grass of nutriment, but nothing is returned in the way of fertilisers for the constant wear and tear undergone by a much-used sward.

As this is an appropriate season to consider the lawn, it may well form the chief gardening note for the present week.

The presence of moss denotes poor, badly-drained soil. Careful grass mixtures from our best firms are almost valueless unless the soil is well prepared in the first instance and thoroughly drained. A mossy lawn should be at once raked over with a strong iron-toothed rake to remove the unwelcome growth, and then apply a liberal dressing of well-decayed manure, wood ashes, and a handful of soot. If moss be caused by damp, put in sufficient two-inch pipes about eighteen inches beneath the surface. Give a rather sharp fall, lay the pipes carefully, and cover with a few inches of rubble, then return the soil. Within a few days the ground will have settled, when re-lay the turf, dress the surface, and sow liberally of a thoroughly good grass-seed mixture.

There is no need to use offensive manures on lawns. If a stronger preparation than given above is desired, apply bone-meal or superphosphate.

Weeds are troublesome on the best lawns. Daisies, Plantains, and Dandelions will assert themselves, but patient digging up with an old knife will destroy them. This should be accomplished at once before seeding. An industrious boy will weed a large space in a day. During the summer, if dry, water liberally and mow at frequent intervals.

THE POET'S NARCISSUS.

A peerless flower is the true *N. poeticus*—like a silvery cloud on the Pyrenean meadows in June days. It is one of our most popular flowers, the great Easter flower, the variety grown for decorations at this season being the vigorous and very free *Ornatus*. *Poetarum* is delightful, its white petals set off by a saffron-red cup, and there is, too, the Pheasant's-eye of cottage gardens, *N. recurvus*. The last to bloom of this group is the gardenia *Narcissus*, the double white *Poeticus*, which is, unfortunately, very shy. It seems loth to give forth its sumptuous flowers. This must be planted in well-drained, sandy loam. All the poeticus group should be in their flowering quarters by the middle of August, not later.

Where the garden or meadow lands allow, naturalise the variety *ornatus* or *recurvus*. Colonies artistically planted will wind about in mead and hollow, and gleam like silver in the evening. I know few sweeter pictures than a meadow in which the Poet's *Narcissus* has naturalised itself.

PREPARING THE SUMMER GARDEN.

It is time to think of artistic combinations and associations of colour in the summer garden. The subject is too vast to deal with at length in these notes, but a few words will show how much is lost by not considering colour harmonies. When seeing other gardens it is a distinct gain to note any arrangement that charms. Rose-beds may be sown with *Mignonette*, or planted with *Pansies*, which will not rob the soil unduly. The rich scarlet *Lobelia cardinalis*, rising from a ground-work of lilac-shaded *Ageratum*, forms a subtle contrast. Distinct beds of one flower are telling, *Verbenas*, *Carnations*, and so forth, but the colours must be good. Never use too many variegated plants; they are bold and strong in tone, therefore to be set out with caution. A spotty effect in gardens is certainly undesirable.

THE "PRIMROSE" SUNFLOWER.

This is a variety of the ordinary annual *Sunflower*, but neither coarse nor tall. It bears primrose-tinted flowers, black in the centre, and is a refined and charming kind, that may be brought into the dressed parts of the garden. *Sunflowers* are quaint annuals, and handsome when boldly grouped amongst shrubs.

WAR AGAINST INSECT PESTS.

Insect pests are disagreeably troublesome as April merges into May. Much can be done with plain water, syringing freely and strongly, *Roses* especially, early, before green-fly makes headway. Tobacco powder dusted on *Peach* and other shoots when attacked by insect foes is a powerful remedy. Nothing under glass clears off green-fly, mealy bug, scale, and any other pest so quickly as *Richards' splendid XL*. Vapouriser, one of the greatest boons of recent years to the gardener. We are not surprised to learn that this preparation is largely asked for.

FLOWERING TREE AND SHRUB SHOOTS FOR DECORATION.

Sprays of flowering trees and shrubs such as *Cherry* bloom are delightful boldly arranged in a simple vase. An exquisite arrangement consists of the feathery, fragrant *Larch* with *Cherry* flowers—simple, it is true, but to me more pleasant than any assortment of hot-house productions.